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TO THE TEMPLE

Artist: Mr. Navin Desai.

'Top Secret' Of San Francisco

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Humorous Skit

MY FOOT! MY FOOT!!

By HIRANMAY GHOSHAL

If you wish to know the whereabouts of my friend Komarek you will have to take the trouble of going to Juhu and looking through a hole in the bamboo matting of our shack, which incidentally has been bored by a big toe belonging to him. You will find him prostrate on a charpoy without any wherewithals of sustenance (Juhu is a great place for raw fish, salt water and no-rationing for non-Juhovians) wherefore I have been delegated to Bombay.

He came to us yesterday for the week-end. When we described him at a distance we thought he was in a real week-end mood, taking quick jumps like a kangaroo and waving his arms about like a man walking on tight rope. As he approached the shack he seemed to be carefully picking his way towards us, firmly putting one foot down and delicately touching the ground with the other. The last bit he hopped on one leg letting the other dangle limply in the air. So there!—we thought—he was bringing us good news about some shippe arriving from Ye auld Scotlande at last! But when he actually reached his destination he sat down plomp on the first deck-chair with a wry face, and lifting his right foot on to his lap began to fondle it as if it were a poodle, emitting at the same time excruciating lamentations as though he were one of the mourners at a Pharaoh's funeral. Then he gave us a demonstration of his stock of swear-words in practically all languages including Uzbeki, Tamil and Pushtoo.

Yes, our friend is prostrate. He is having a rest-cure after a corn-cure which has totally incapacitated one big toe leaving the other for boring holes in the matting of our shack, a harmless pastime which withal provides him with a certain amount of release of his sadism bottled-up against the fellow who invented footgear.

Last night we gathered round what looked like his death-bed, and were treated to a number of yarns about his experiences and observations of corns. Let me tell you some of them in his own words:

"Now keep off my right foot, please, and don't lean your elbow on that toe! I think, I'll have to hang a label on it. (Pause and stertorous breathings). That was the soundest toe I possessed when I came to India. But as ill luck would have it, when I was at Panchgani a local shoe-maker took a fancy to my feet and visited my place twice a day with a pair of wholeboots, which he said he would offer me for a song accepting a humble baksheesh of twenty-five chips. I must say they were worth the money if you looked at them. They were my size and I bought them to get rid of my daily visitor. I thought I would never put them on. But on a coldish day I slipped my feet into them, and they seemed to be quite roomy and comfortable. Then they seemed to grow on me. I began by cultivating a liking for them and ended by discarding all the other pairs I had with me. I thought them very companionable, and indeed would not stir out of doors without my feet nicely accommodated therein.

"Little did I know then that they were playing a confidence trick on me, and I had a pair of wolves in calf's leather. Within a fortnight the cat was out of the bag, so to say. It's mixed metaphor I'm talking, but never mind, you know what I mean. Their ways were much more insidious than those of any boots I had ever associated with. The very first day I noticed a violetish patch on my big toe. What's this?—I asked myself and looked at my new companions inquiringly. But they looked so shapely and elegant that I felt rather ashamed at having cast aspersion on them. The following day my toe seemed to be moulting a little, a bit of its slough stuck to the sock. But I remembered I had a fall, so that must have done it. In a couple of days the new skin was hard enough for the wear and tear of life.

"That bit of new skin, however, seemed to grow rather too quickly, so much so that in a few days' time it outbade its environs in endurance. And in order to maintain its distinction it had begun building a kind of circular bulwark. Then a couple of days later I noticed, the thing had established itself in the shape of a rather horny little bulge like one of the embossed parts of a crocodile skin I'll admit I was interested in its growth, and would have nurtured it as a rare specimen had it not been for the fact that its shape and deportment suddenly evoked memories of the past. I'm blowed if it isn't a corn after all!—I said to myself terror-stricken. And lifting my toe to a maximum proximity to my eyes discovered the unfailing black speck, the caste-mark of the species, in the centre of that horny excrescence! Well, I was in for it!

"My immediate problem was to find a case for that appendix, and I referred the matter to a box of corn-plasters I have ready at hand wherever I am. I tried each one of the two dozen plasters, but not a single one could be fitted on to the new-comer. The only accommodation I could think of at the moment was the mouth of a quart bottle, which idea I had to abandon forthwith as impracticable. So I had to pack the thing in cotton-wool with the care and solicitude of a young mother. After that it grew in size and strength like a tropical plant in a greenhouse. And as I say, within a fortnight I ceased to be my former self, and wherever I was and whatever I did my thoughts were always preoccupied.

"On top of that I seemed to have acquired a strange mannerism. I no longer considered the normal gait of a human being as sufficiently dignified. The Fascists walk like so many paralitics with short quick steps, the Nazis are known for their goose-steps while Franco's Falangists ramble in rumba. So why should I not invent some new step? And indeed I did. Mine was a hop-scotch step. If the state of being a biped be a step forward from the state of being a triped, a kangaroo for instance, or a quadruped, say a cow, then I was about to become a superman as I used only one leg when I walked. And I did walk briskly, in fact flew like a skittle shot off.

"Don't ask me how I felt. It isn't so important as the fact that I was depriving the city taxi and gharry-wallahs of their due share of my earnings (for on one leg I was faster than any one of them) and that I was causing inconvenience to passers-by, also that I was proving to be a puzzle to the traffic police, for I wore no vehicle-number, yet was seen in the string of city's cars in rush hour gaily hop-scotching. My incentive and impetus to move was so strong that it easily left mere mechanical horse-power miles behind snorting and fretting. It soon transpired, however that I didn't possess the guts of a super-Fuehrer, and I fell a victim to the weakness flesh is heir to, namely that I began to feel extremely lonely in that superhuman state. I was detested both by walkers and motorists; the former claimed the pavement and the latter the road. And as far as I know, the Bombay Municipality was not for such innovations as constructing an overhead gang-way for Scotch-hoppers, I mean hop-scotchers. As it was I couldn't come out of doors without being marked out as the "flying Scotsman." So I set about finding means for returning to my normal state. It isn't pleasant to be unique, you know.

"I consulted a number of doctors who were very sympathetic about my condition, but after pocketing their fees prescribed the same remedy—corn-plaster and that green fluid known as corn-cure, as though I hadn't tried the whole lot of them—"Corn-blast", "Corn-brush", "Corn-mortar", "Corn-powder", "Corn-sweeper," "Corn-thrasher," not to speak of the "Rough-on-corns"! I sent the Aesculaps galloping to the blazes, and was reconciled to my fate of being a uniped.....

".... when Mianh Habibullah offered his 'umble services. He had an eye for corns he had! While I was hop-scotching in the street he lay in wait for me at a distance. And as I approached he stopped me with a dignified salam saying—'One moment please, vous parlez francais? Oh la-la, moi j'etate a Paris, Lyon, Monte Carlo, eh oui, monsieur, I see vous avez the corns, oui. Je suis Dr. Habibullah, connu ici as the Corn-killer. I'll cure you parfaitement, vous verrez, oh la-la, I will!'—and pointed to his black box bearing his name and titles ranging from A to Z, stroking his pointed beard like a wizard. That was yesterday.

"He offered me a benign shoulder to lean upon while we made our way to my abode, and talked and comforted me in Anglo-normand: 'Doucement, doucement, m'sieur, take it easy. Yes, j'etais the permanent corn-doctor de Madame de Piffle-Souffle, of la Comptess de la Ligne Maginot, de the Roosy prince Molovodkovsky, Sir Malcolm Ramebottom, eh oui, tous, tous, tous, all the big guns who came to Monte Carlo for the summer. And everybody asked for Dr. Habib. To tell you the truth (he curved a hand round his mouth) Mme de Soupirot was a bit in luv with me, comprenez, l'amour, oh la-la, had a good time there. This sacre war has brought me to Bombay, has ruined my practice completement en Europe. Oh la-la, la Guerre! But never mind, I haven't forgotten my art. I left Monaco for the benefit of Bombayites it seems; all's Allah's volonte, vous savez. I'll cure you, bon Dieu de bon Dieu, I will! Oh la-la!' He looked like a god-send to me, and I minced and hobbled up to my third-floor flat leaning on his shoulder.

"Dr. Habib offered to show me a few card and other tricks which he had learnt as part of his studies abroad, for which he assured me he would charge nuththing, pas un sous; he would show me all that for the sake of our amitie only. But he would gladly accept one or two drops of that 1912 stuff I had my tantalus, which is an evidence of the fact that Dr. Habib had a shrewd eye for things other than corns as well. After licking his lips like a connoisseur and a few clackings of appreciation he was in a mood for the operation he had undertaken. 'Tres bien', he said, his eyes aglow with surgical inspiration. 'Oh la-la! Now, m'sieur, take off your shoe please.' As I was getting ready for the operation Dr. Habib clapped for my bearer Fernandes and ordered him to get a basin of tepid water. 'Just body-heat, mind you,' he added. Then he opened his magical box which displayed the tools of his metier.

"A sight of them was enough to scare the life out of an elephant. The instruments ranged from a scalpel to a hatchet (obviously meant for chopping off recalcitrant corns). There were pincers of all sizes and tiny tweezers, solid iron-files and delicate nail-files, bottles large and small containing disinfectants of a deadly sort, vitriol, carbolic and caustic, strong enough to set a house on fire. Dr. Habib gingerly placed his tools on my writing table in order of merit it seemed, putting at the head of the array something that looked like a pair of obstetrical forceps. Having blown on each instrument and wiped it with his pocket-handkerchief. Dr. Habib gave his tools an extra glaze, and elegantly donned a barber's over-all, saying, "Alors m'sieur, let's start.'

"I was already seated on my chair, my flesh quailing as if a dentist's drill was hanging on an adjacent wall. Dr. Habib took possession of my foot, yes, the right foot please, if you don't mind, and exclaimed—'Oh la-la, looks like a horse's hoof grown the wrong way, Meester, how long have you been fostering it? Pity you didn't read my advert in the 'Cornikel'! A bit too late, but I'll give it the stuff, Meester! 'He tweaked the horny excrescence with the pair of obstetrical forceps, which extracted a heart-rending 'O-ow' from my determined lips. 'Never you mind, m'sieur, it isn't you who are speaking now, it's the voice of that devilish corn. It'll scream and shriek a lot more before I finish with it, but don't pay heed to its wails and groans. A bhoot always does that when it is exorcised.'. He paused and pulled faces this way and that, shrugged his shoulders and stroked his barbiche like a typical French teacher, and added—'On with the show!' like a Hollywood director.

"Dr. Habib covered his face upto his eyes with this pocket handkerchief (must have noticed a similar pose in the I.C.I. advertisement about Britain's achievements in civilization), blindfolded me with a towel and tied my hands and the remaining leg firmly to the chair with my bed-sheet thus rendering all members of my body ineffective to register my protest except my larynz. This I used valuably freely and frequently, emitting vowels aspirated at the end and guttural consonants, mixed with a few unpleasant words addressed to the astute exercise who regarded them as nothing more than swan-song of the bhoot.

"No, the august surgeon was not to be dissuaded from the operation he had undertaken; it was against the code of surgery to leave things half-done; the will of the patient did not matter in this case since it was possessed by a spook. In between my outspoken incriminations and earnest appeals I could hear the growl of an iron-file steadily gnawing away at my foot like a famished dog, followed by a protracted sizzle, and my olfactory organ was invaded by a strong odour of charred flesh. 'Oh la-la' said Dr. Habib at long last, 'finita la comedia! Now you can look for yourself, Meester', and restored by eye-sight. I noticed a thin wisp of smoke slowly curling upwards from my afflicted toe. The surgeon had bored a hole in the vicinity of that miniature cremation and had been pumping away my precious life-blood by means of a test-tube adjusted to his lips. After fifteen minutes' excruciating torture I had somehow grown totally apathetic to all physical suffering. So I let him be.

"Dr. Habib finished the other rituals of operation by applying iodine, lysol, eau de Cologne, vaseline, brilliantine, smelling salts and other chemicals and cosmetics he had in his possession, to my wounds, and packed my right foot, yes, the right foot please, if you don't mind, into a dinky little parcel. Then he clapped for Fernandes to produce the basin containing the slain enemy. 'Voila!' he said, 'now you can feast your eyes on the bhoot dead and gone, oh la-la, il est mort! Tenez, regardez!' He drew my attention to a pile of gory cotton-wool. Yes, indeed, there it was, a sq. inch of what looked like a piece of a pig's torter, lying beside a lump of what had the aspect of cat's meat, both delicately placed on cotton-wool like twins, ascribed to me as my own flesh and blood, I mean trotter. Dr. Habib left in a jolly mood after pocketing his fees of Rs. 5 and a few more drops of that 1912 stuff. In his hurry to attend to other patients he forgot to leave his address for future reference. (To me) Would you please, old chap, find out his address from his advert in the 'Cornikel' or whatever it is, I want to talk to him in private."

Komarek recounted the life-story of each of his remaining toes in order of seniority, each more blood-curdling than the other, at least bad enough to spoil one's mood for a Sunday dinner rationed though it be. So I have to desist from dishing them out to you on a Sabbath-day. Nonetheless, let me record the woeful tale of a heel, the property of my suffering friend. Says Komarek:

"Now, let me return to France. Just imagine Paris in May in full bloom of the blooming year 1940 when Leon Blum was no longer in power and guns were booming not a thousand miles away! It was a mixed feeling of spring exuberance and autumnal resignation to be in Paris just then. I had arrived via Russia (my adventures there will be recounted some day) wishing to join up against Jerry who was responsible for ruining my bath-tub in Warsaw. In a few days' time I was marching up and down the Champ-Elysees, airing my sky-blue and inspiring the Parisiennes to join the local W. A. C. While I was on an important commission one day I had to travel part of the way by 'metro' much against my will. You know, I have a strong dislike for underground, undercut, under-current or anything to do with 'under' including 'underdone', 'undertaking', 'undergoing', 'underfeeding' and 'understanding.' No thank you, no underhand business for me! And no subway.

"However, there I was in that under-world hanging from a strap along with other strap-hangers like a string of red herrings in sky-blue. In such a pose you could neither read your newspaper nor ogle at the fair sex save at the tops of their fantastic hats. The only entertainment under the circumstances was to read all the advertisements from end to end, that is, as far as your eyes could reach. There was the dainty, luscious-lipped young thing nibbling at some chocolate, supposed to be the best in the world; there was the pair of legs demonstrating the exquisite quality of some make of stockings, also supposed to be the best in the world; there was the parsimoniously dressed gipsy girl giving you the glad eye and smoking the best cigarette in the world, and so on and so forth. And in that gallery what should I see but that dreaded picture I always avoided every time I was in Paris, fixed to the panel just above my nose! There was no getting away from it this time. 'Mort-au-cor' (Death-to-corns) shouting its efficiency in eradicating corns into your ears and pointing a significant finger at a suffering victim. The poor fellow had a corn right under his heel

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'Top Secret' Of San Francisco

By G. L. M.

Referring to the Hydari Mission, a Reuter's message from London stated that its negotiations and report would be a "top secret." On enquiring from New Delhi bureaucrats, it was found that this means secret papers which are kept in the topmost drawer of their tables or the topmost file in their racks. Or it is a secret which only those at the top–even if they have *nothing* in *their own* tops–are supposed to know? In fact, they themselves don't know it but look wise about it and are silent and grim as though they have a secret in their possession. As Oscar Wilde said, there are so few secrets left in the modern world that it's best to preserve whatever secret you might get hold of.

But the "top secret" today is not the Hydari Mission nor the Famine Commission nor even the Wavell omission but the San Francisco Conference. There have repaired the world's statesmen, politicians, journalists, agitators etc. Special correspondents and news agencies send out stirring, depressing, sanguine, hair-raising and heart-beating messages about what is happening and *not* happening there and what is likely and unlikely to happen.

We have however been able to obtain some authentic but highly confidential report through unimpeachable sources. We have a Swedish correspondent in Madrid who is in direct communication with a Turkish representative in Stockholm who, in his turn, gets his messages from a high Swiss authority in Buenos Aires (Look up the map if you don't remember where it is). Here is a report of the highly secret document which he (or they) has (or have) unearthed. Only Drew Pearson could have performed this feat. It equals the scoop of New Delhi in getting hold of the proceedings of the Congress Working Committee meeting held at Allahabad in May 1942.

FUTURE ORGANISATION OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL AND THE ASSEMBLY

Minutes of a private and informal meeting held at Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco on 1st May 1945 at 10-30 P.M. Pacific Standard Time. Present:

Mr. Stettinius J. R. (White-haired).
Mr. Anthony Eden (Well-dressed).
M. Molotov (Whithout his bread-basket).
Dr. Soong (Without Yellow Peril).

M. Molotov stated that since the sixteen Republics of the Soviet had been declared independent with their own foreign policies, armies and rights of secession, they should each have one seat and one vote in the Assembly without which the organisation could not be called truly international. He presented his colleagues with copies of the Soviet Constitution embodying the latest amendments and modifications.

(The meeting was adjourned to give time to Messrs. Stettinius and Eden to study the Soviet Constitution brought up-to-date).

The meeting having reassembled at 11-30 P.M., Mr. Stettinius stated that now that they were very nearly in the post-war period so far as Europe was concerned, the United Nations could not afford to be disunited. (M. Molotov is understood to have shaken his head in a vertical manner at this stage). Mr. Stettinius further observed that the Big Powers must continue not only to remain Big but must become "Bigger and Better." That was the American way. (M. Molotov smiled here). Mr. Stettinius, therefore, urged upon M. Molotov in the interests of Inter-Allied concord to reconsider his proposal for a larger representation of the States of U. S. S. R. (M. Molotov shook his head in a horizontal fashion). Mr. Stettinius then made a passionate plea for cooperation of peace-loving nations which are and may again be at war. (Mr. Eden, overcome by emotion, shook him by the hand at this). As a counter-proposal, Mr. Stettinius suggested that all the forty-eight States of the United States should have one seat and one vote in the Assembly.

Fxperts in the British Delegation questioned this number in a friendly manner and said that when America declared Independence there were only thirteen States.

M. Molotov cracked a joke that thirteen was rather an unlucky number but U.S.A. had disproved this superstition. There was loud laughter in which M. Molotov himself joined and this relieved the tension. Lord Halifax on being told this story was nearly chocked with laughter. Field-Marshal Smuts fell down on hearing it but this is interpreted as a gesture of conciliation towards the Soviet.

As there was a friendly and factual difference of opinion between the American and British Delegates, the meeting was suspended in order to consult the latest Map of U.S.A.

The meeting was resumed at 12-30 (midnight) when Mr. Stettinius as Chairman gave a ruling in his own favour that the number forty-eight of the United States was correct. The U.S.A. proposal was then debated.

Mr. Eden made the counter-proposal that all the Dominions of the British Commonwealth as well as all the Dependencies, Crown Colonies, Protectorates, Mandated Territories, strategic bases, critical islands etc. in the British Empire, occupied, reoccupied and unoccupied, should each get one seat and one vote in the Assembly. When M. Molotov asked him the total number, Mr. Eden, after going out and consulting his expert staff (most of whom were asleep by this time) in the adjoining room regretted that the final count had not been made and he would have to refer the matter to the Prime Minister who had made it clear that he meant to hold whatever he had or may like to have. Mr. Stettinius offered to order a special calculating machine by air from New York but Mr. Eden politely declined.

As a deadlock was reached on the question of numbers and as arithmetic could not be invoked, M. Molotov raised the question of Poland and remarked that on this matter too they were still "poles apart." This evoked some laughter but not enough to relieve the gloom. He said that wherever the word "London" Government occurred in the documents they must put in "Lublin" Government. M. Molotov emphasised with a bang on the table which startled the others there that Yalta should not be confused with Malta where only the President and the Premier met. The atmosphere again became tense and relations although cordial were a little strained.

Mr. Eden thereupon stated that while force in the hands of the Axis could not and did not succeed, force in the hands of the Anglo-American-Russian hands was bound to succeed. It was because their domination unlike that of the Axis was disinterested. They wanted to serve the world by their mastery of it. They were the policemen of the world appointed by the common will of mankind but they must see to it that the policemen themselves did not quarrel and shoot at each other. This observation created profound impression and the relations instantly improved.

Mr. Eden taking advantage of this situation suggested that although the Charter of World Peace should be a guide rather than a rule and should be an ideal to be aimed at like the Ten Commandments, he felt that in view of the impending cessation of hostilities in Europe and the need for preserving Peace for decades,, if not centuries, they should increase the number of Freedoms for which they had fought from four to six, if not eight. It was worthwhile doing so. This proposal was accepted, M. Molotov dissenting, and it was left to an expert committee to investigate the precise Freedoms which should be added to the list, their number as well as nature.

Dr. Soong suggested that the diameter of the gun barrel in Peace Era should be settled by the Disarmament Conference but this proposal did not find any support. Dr. Soong, on the other hand, was asked to convey to the Generalissimo to make up with the Communists and supply them arms. He was asked the whereabouts of Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek.

M. Molotov again brought up the subject of Poland and said that since this war was begun on the Polish issue, it should appropriately end on it. M. Molotov warned that Peace might any time break out upon the world. "The Poles like the poor are always with us except in Soviet Russia", he is said to have concluded.

Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Eden took up a firm stand and said they could only agree as a last resort to prevent another war after consulting Washington and London.

As it was now past 2-30 A.M. the meeting adjourned till next day.

An authentic and highly confidential report received through a Swedish Correspondent in Madrid who is in direct communication with a Turkish representative in Stockholm who, in his turn, gets his messages from a high Swiss authority in Buenos Aires!

BITTER AGAINST HITLER AND NAZI PARTY

What The Germans Feel Now

By EDWARD WARD,

B.B.C. correspondent, who has been a German prisoner for three and a half years and was recently released by American troops tells some of his experiences.

We used to be let out on parole walks on an average once a week. On these, we often got the chance to talk to German civilians. I speak German and I took every opportunity I could to find out what they felt about things.

I suppose I must have talked to hundreds between 1943 and a few days ago, but not a single one showed the slightest enthusiasm for the war; on the contrary, most of them openly condemned it and even as long as a year ago voiced their opinions of Hitler and the Party with almost frightening frankness.

It became a commonplace in these last months that a guard would be given a couple of days leave because his house had been destroyed in an air raid. He would come back and describe everything in detail. You would have expected him to have been bitter-and he was, but not against us, against the Nazi Party.

"But why don't you all get together and do something about it?" we would say. "They are too strong. they have got too many members who are directly interested in holding on to their power as long as possible."

We were supposed to be in our huts by dark, but nobody paid any attention to this rule. Least of all did our guards enforce it.

It was then that I often used to go round and talk to them. One of them had lost his father and mother in a raid on Cologne in which his house was destroyed. His 17-year-old son was in U-boats and was missing. He had last heard of his wife in Berlin before the recent heavy raids; he had little hope of seeing her again.

He told me this terrible story, and then with his voice rising in fury he said: "And who is responsible for this? The Party." "Ach sie sind nicht menschen, sie sind bestion" ("They are not men, they are beasts.")

"As for Hitler, our beloved Fuehrer there is not a word in the dictionary to describe him."

The man walked away and then came back. "I was listening to your English news a few weeks ago," he went on, "and the speaker said that the National Socialist Party must be stamped out and utterly destroyed. How right he is, ah, how right he is. And they dare to talk about their culture. What do they know about culture? In the days of the Weimar Republic, we had a culture in Germany. The Party has utterly destroyed it."

The night before we were rescued, a rumour was going around that we were to be shifted on foot. I went up to a Silesian guard who came from Gleiwitz and asked him point blank: "If I were to walk out past you and go and hide up until the Americans come, would you shoot me?"

"Of course not," he replied, "and as far as my comrades are concerned you are perfectly safe, too. But I do not think it is necessary for you to go. I think we shall not be moved.

"I tell you what I will do", he went on. "If I get the tip that we are moving, I'll come and let you know at once, and then, if you don't mind, I'll come with you. Then you see, if the Germans capture us, you'll be my prisoner, and you'll be safe, and if the Americans take us, I shall be your prisoner and I shall be safe." The order to move never came, so it was unnecessary to take advantage of this admirable arrangement.

The day after the Americans released us, I was in a little town half a mile or so from our camp. The American spearhead had been two days ahead of schedule and simply pushed on ahead without bothering to wait for the troops following up. There was not a single American soldier in the town.

A death's head S. S. man in uniform came up to me. "You are an English officer?", he asked, "I am," I replied, not entirely accurately. "I wish to surrender then," he said. I searched him for the arms he had already thrown away and sent him with a British soldier back to join our guards who were already under guard at the camp.

They'll Steal Anything!

A Chimney Stack, A Block Of Flats And Even A Railway Have Been Taken By Enterprising Thieves

By R. L. STEPHENS

Scotland Yard recently enriched the reading matter available for convalescent service men by 4,000 brand new books part of a great haul of new books found in a house when they arrested a thief. For 7,000 books to become a temptation to burglars is a sign of conditions in war-time Britain where almost anything is readily saleable. But in the past, thieves have made even stranger hauls. We have seen bombed buildings gradualy diminishing under the persistent attacks of people who take away the fittings one by one–a month after my own house was bombed there was not a movable article from window frames to door locks that was left.

But there are records of complete buildings being stolen. A curious case occurred just before the war in Essex where a man was charged with stealing bricks valued at £40. The proceedings revealed that when the bricks were taken they were in the form of a 120 foot chimney stack which had been removed right down to the foundations!

1000 TREES STOLEN!

About ten years ago the owner of a block of flats in a Canadian town went to have a look at them. He had not been near for some time as during the economic depression the flats had been impossible to let. Imagine his astonishment when he found that nothing remained except the concrete foundations-and some of that had been removed! An army of pilferers had descended on the flats, pulled them to pieces and carried off the material, presumably to sell or to use in their own way! In a New Jersey town, a dispute amongst the parishioners of a church attended by coloured folk came to a climax with the complete disappearance in the night of the church. True, the church was only about twenty by fourteen feet, but it was nevertheless a considerable feat to remove it undetected in the night, together with all pews, hassocks, etc. Only the piano remained. Possibly if prefabricated houses become really popular, "stealing a house" will become a not uncommon charge!

Most gardeners have suffered the theft of plants and bushes. About the record booty in this line seems to be 1,000 maple trees stolen in 1937 in Ruthland, New York. The thieves dug up and carried off the lot in a single night without making a sound. Local residents jestingly suggested that the police should employ wood-peckers instead of bloodhounds in hunting the thieves.

Woodpeckers might have served to track down the people who stole four hundred yards of a wood-paved street if they had not been caught in the act. The scene was a suburb of New York ten years ago. Just who started it was never discovered, but someone found the wood blocks burned well and before long a whole army of men, women and children were busy with crow-bars, choppers and any other available instruments, forcing up the blocks and loading prams and barrows. By the time police arrived and got busy 400 yards of street was missing!

For a comparison with the theft of the maple trees we might quote the case of the man who lost his lawn. The case was quoted in the "Justice of the Peace" some years ago. The man had taken great pride in cultivating his lawn which was of the finest turf. He went away on a holiday. When he returned there was nothing but bare earth where his pride had been! Neighbours said that when they saw men arrive with a lorry and start removing the turf with special tools they naturally took it for granted that he had sold the turf.

RAILWAY THIEVES

There are records of a railway locomotive and even railways being stolen. The locomotive was removed from a shed during the night at a Canadian depot some years ago. The thieves drove it to a siding and were dismantling it when caught. The most famous case of a railway being stolen occurred in Ireland in the eighties of the last century. It was a short local railway from Parsonstown to Portumna and the thieves left nothing–steel rails, sleepers, signals–everything went. In this case the thieves were perfectly "safe." Various complications had resulted in there being no legal owner of the line. The only item that temporarily baffled the plunderers was an iron bridge, but according to the report made subsequently this was eventually taken by a gang who came suitably equipped with cranes.

An iron bridge fifty feet long over the River Odnia, sixty miles west of Warsaw was stolen in 1936. It was taken in a single night and the theft was discovered by a police chief who had driven over it the previous evening. On his return journey he found it gone.

Sadly disappointed must have been the thief who a year before the war stole 25 homing pigeons from Army lofts in Malaya. The theft had hardly been reported before the first birds began to arrive back. The thief found that it was simpler to steal them than to keep them. Equally unlucky was a gang of Arabs which stole 272 camels. They got away with the animals, but camels are dutiable in Egypt and they were caught by the Customs.

Other records of curious animal thefts include stealing two live lions from a Zoo at Salt Lake City and a set of performing fleas from a circus in Australia.

For sheer coolness probably the thieves in search of a car who chose one parked in Scotland Yard took the prize. But ten years ago a visitor to the Tower of London emulated the famous Captain Blood who stole the Crown jewels from there 275 years ago. The new thief, however, did not work on quite the same scale. He contented himself with a three-foot sword. It was supposed that he concealed it under a mackintosh or down his trouser leg. The sword was of no great value, but the fact that a theft in the Armoury was possible caused some excitement. Another curious burglary of the same type was reported in 1937 when burglars broke into a prison at New Westminster, British Columbia, and stole a quantity of valuable equipment. Possibly they had hatched the scheme while themselves working compulsorily with the equipment.

During the war many iron gates and railings have been removed: legally. A few years ago when metal was in demand, there was an epidemic of thefts of them. In many cases the iron gates stolen were massive and it was a puzzle to know how they were removed silently. Lead from roofs is a favourite form of booty. In one case the complete roof of an English church was stripped of some tons of lead. In another the famous Bridge of sighs at Venice had three tons of lead removed from its roof.

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Yangtze River Project To Be World's Largest

If you can imagine diverting the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers into a gorge as deep as America's Grand Canyon, throwing a dam across it, constructing gigantic power developments that make Boulder Dam and Grand Coulee look small, and putting the whole affair down in a teeming, energetic, handloom civilization that comprises 140 million people within a 300-mile radius, then you have a rough concept of the proposal that John Lucian Savage brought back to America from China and that has fascinated Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek.

The plan in brief, is to build a billion-dollar dam across the torrential Yangtze River, fourth largest in the world, which drains central China just where it emerges from its tremendous gorges.

John Lucian Savage, or "Jack" Savage, authority on dam design, who has just returned from six months inspection of the site, says it can be done. Savage designed Grand Coulee, Boulder and 60 other dams, the sum total reaching an estimated billion dollars. Mr. Savage is the chief designing engineer of the United States Bureau of Reclamation.

RICH POSSIBILITIES

The U. S. State Department has taken to loaning him out, as consultant to Allied countries; his latest trip took him to the governments of India, Afghanistan, China and Palestine. Many other nations seek his services.

In a long life of engineering Mr. Savage has seen or studied most of the big rivers of the world. This is his verdict: "With the possible exception of some tributory of the Amazon, this is, beyond all question in my personal experience, the greatest single potential source of hydro power in the world today."

Let me summarize estimated possibilities:

Power: Ultimate capacity, 10,500,000 kilowatts; or five times present installed capacity of Boulder Dam and Grand Coulee combined (2,353,800 kilowatts).

Cost of Power: Savage says a "conservative estimate is $89 a kilowatt. compared to $115 at Grand Coulee.

Flood Control: Would moderate or end the devastating annual central China Floods.

Irrigation: Would provide water and probably double crop production on 10 million acres in food-deficient China (Grand Coulee waters only a million acres); would store 50 million acre-feet of water (Boulder stores only 32 million acre-feet).

Transportation: Would permit 10,000-ton ships to come up to Chungking, Chinese capital 650 miles inland.

In brief, while the initial cost of curbing the Yangtze would be vast, the consequent benefits would be vaster. History shows that where profitable physical possibilities exist, like Suez or Panama, one nation or another, sooner or later, is apt to take advantage of them. The Yangtze project is, of course, far and away the most audacious proposal that has ever been advanced for a big river.

Mr. Savage saw the site almost by accident. Through the State Department he was loaned to the governments of India and China for six months apiece. Chinese engineers hesitantly suggested that he might be asked to look at the Yangtze, but the idea was put aside by the government as something absurd. Almost as an afterthought-after he had examined and reported on half a dozen minor floodcontrol, irrigation and power projects—Savage was brought to Ichang, east of Chungking, to see for himself. Computations and surveys with the data available confirmed a first impression that this was probably the greatest untapped source of river power in the world. The walls of the great gorge form a natural site for a dam at the point where the river pours out into the lower plains of Asia.

At Boulder Dam in America Savage found it necessary to build four huge 50 foot-diameter tunnels, to sluice off the river while the dam rose. For the Yangtze, 20 such tunnels would be necessary.

GENERALISSIMO FASCINATED

When the dam is completed, an additional four tunnels would be added. Each of these would have installed inside it—deep within the mountain gorge—four power units of Grand Coulee size (biggest in the world) and each capable of delivering 110,000 kilowatts. The total 96 units would develop 10,560,000 kilowatts. In addition, Savage says 2,500,000 extra kilowatts could be developed on tributaries. The dam itself would rise 500 feet or so in the gorge.

When Jack Savage made known his conclusions, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek was fascinated. The goal is so tremendous that, like the Russian five-year plan, it lifts men's hearts. This is China's "five-year plan" in one project.

The Ichang Dam may very well serve as a testing ground to see whether post-war machinery for world finance is going to meet the problems of peace.

It is part of a Reclamation Bureau engineer's duties not only to decide whether and where a dam can be built, but also to make certain calculations about the time required, and the possible return. If the Ichang project, properly financed, were started on a top-speed basis, Mr. Savage hazards the guess that all civil engineering work and 20 percent of power capacity could be completed in "6 or 7 years." As to the financial returns, they are considerably more tentative. However, one preliminary estimate is that the billion-dollar dam could be amortized on a self-liquidating basis in half a century, from proper revenues on power, irrigation, flood control and navigation–in that order. Assuming full utilization, the dam would ultimately pay expenses, plus a profit.—USOWI.

BORIVILI:

Where 73 Women Of All Ages Inaugurated A New Era For Their Sisters!

A summing-up of the activities of the First Kasturba Memorial Fund Workers Camp

Bamboo huts under shady mango groves interspersed with guava and chikoo trees-that is the Borivili camp where the first stage of the Kasturba Memorial work may be said to have been initiated. The Camp dispersed on the 8th of May.

It was a lovely spot, cool even in May, only the fruit on the trees was still raw; water was scarce and there were any number of ants red and black big and small, who crawled up and down and in and out as if they owned your body. But these were not pointless disadvantages for had the fruit been ripe, the campers would have been tempted to eat it and if was not theirs to eat; if water had not been scarce an important item of training would have remained a theory and as for the ants, well in the words of Mridula Sarabhai-the Camp Director, "you cannot have mango groves without ants", and mango groves are shady and shade is wel come in April and May, more so when you are a woman and have to spend most of your time out of doors without being used to it.

WOMEN OF ALL AGES

No, they have not been used to it-these 76 trainees, atleast not all of them. Quite a few of them are of course old Congress workers, including two M.L.As from U.P. They have lived in several camps, including detention camps. There are others who have resigned Government jobs and joined up this band of pioneers, while there are still others who have just left their school or college. Majority are young-below the age of 30, some are middle-aged and a few quite old. Some are married, some un-married; some are mothers of as many as eight children, some expecting to be. Never before probably have such a varied lot of women, different in every sense of the term lived in such close association and Mridula Sarabhai assured me that inspite of being women they have not once quarrelled or created a serious problem for her.

Although the target of all Kasturba work is ultimately only the village women and children, the trainees at this camp were mostly from the cities. It had to be for the Kasturba Work has to start right from the beginning There is no trained personnel ready even to train the actual workers and this trained personnel must be sufficiently educated and therefore inevitably from the cities.

So this camp at Borivili-of one months' duration, was held to select the first batch of workers who will help to organise similar camps in their respective Provinces, though these camps will be of a longer duration—may be 3 months. These Provincial camps will train up the actual training personnel who will in turn tackle the villagers who will work in their villages.

In Borivili were represented Assam Bengal, Bihar, U.P., Punjab, Sind, Mahakoshal, Gujerat, Maharashtra, Tamilnad, Andhra, Kerala Rajaputana and Karnatak including Mysore. The camp groupings were, however, only four (1) The *Sanchalikas*, or the administrators, (2) *Grahapathis* or quartermasters (3) *Vyiam Shikhshaks* or P. T. Instructors and (4) *Balvadi* (children's) Teachers. Of these the *Sanchalikas* must give an undertaking to work for the Fund for 3 years. They are not expected to have any impediments existing or expected-even in the form of children Of course all work is paid for.

EARLY TO RISE AND....

To live through the trainees' day's programme would floor most of the readers but reading it would not be so strenuous. Dawn broke at Borivili at 6-30 A.M. 7 to 8 was physical training followed by breakfast. 8-30 to 10 A.M. lessons were given in First Aid, Nursing, Scouting, Cleanliness and gardening. 11 to 1-45 P.M. time was allowed for bath and food etc.-bathing was no joke as after a few days the well in the compound refused to behave well and baths had to be taken in neighbouring houses. 1-45 to 2-45 was taught spinning and carding and some other useful crafts. Then followed 4 periods of theory which took them to 6-45. Then there were prayers-optional. At 7 P.M. the Flag was hauled down. Dinner was served after which the trainees wrote their diaries. From 9 to 10 P.M, was the recreation period and at 10-45 P.M. lights off and all in bed except the sentries who changed every two hours Quite often an alarm would be given at night-false of course.

Such was the programme, but you will ask what could they have learnt in one month? I would say, nothing much in the sense of so many pages of so many books. Besides giving them an idea of how a camp is run this camp has merely initiated them into subjects they should study and specialize in and equipped them with a bibliography with the help of which they are expected to teach themselves. Subjects included Civics, Health, Hygiene and Sanitation, current politics, National history, adult literacy etc. Physical training taught them how to defend themselves, play organised games and made them fearless and self-confident apart of course from any casual improvement that might have occured in actual health. More important than that they learnt to wear a uniform-of Punjabi clothes of Salwar and Kameez. How many associated prejudices must have broken down with that one act can easily be understood by anyone who knows our rea women-outside the Taj and the Great Eastern of course!

WONDERFUL RESPONSE

Generally speaking the training aimed at bringing out the best in the character of every woman-which has probably never before had a chance to have free-play and blossom out in its true colours. Modern methods for testing intelligence were used to select and classify. You might say new wine was being poured into old bottles-but believe me none looked like bursting-the miracle of Indian womanhood! According to Mridula Sarabhai, "Most of these women have never done what they are doing now, but the response and co-operation has been wonderful. After all we must find out our National defects and remove them. Such a camp gives the ideal opportunity. For men there have been and will be innumerable opportunities to get such training. For women there are no facilities." In this way apart from the work that will be done, a new class of women will be raised up-essentially Indian who will be able to weather with rock-like determination any storm that may ruffle our national life.

Meanwhile the life in the camp was neither stormy nor placid but human, critical and interesting. It was exciting as it was novel even though the future must hold work which might be tedious, nerve-racking and difficult. It will, however, be deeply interesting for it will deal with women and children-flesh of our flesh-of villages, steeped in poverty, disease and ignorance but existing in the imagination of most of us in the romantic robes in which the films garb them.

Ah yes, I almost forgot, the seventy-six trainees also included 3 men aiming at qualifying as physical training instructors. They felt quite at home by the time they left-bravo! —NIPP.

The Taj And The Temple

An Architectural View Of Hindu-Muslim Unity

By DR. SYED MAHMUD

The Taj is a symbol. To say symbolises the love of an Emperor for his queen is to say the obvious No doubt it is that. But that Emperor if he were not a Muslim, would not have built the Taj. The Taj is the symbol of the culture which the Emperor represented. The structure of the Taj enshrines inevitably something of the lines and significance of muslim culture. Looking at the Taj, you know it is not a symbol of Hindu culture or any other culture, but of Islam. The Taj embodies the Muslim attitude of life. It is typical It is full of a mighty revelation.

Two Attitudes To Life And Death

Let us ask is there a Hindu symbol of equal validity? I think at once of the madura Temple. There is no monument of human love like the Taj, which Hindu culture can show. The Hindu rarely dedicated a temple to a human love. He built some of the mightiest temples to God but none to immortalise a man or a woman. His ceremony of cremation too has a meaning. He reduces the bodies of the dead, even of the most loved one's to ashes and his greatest joy is to dissolve even those ashes in the stream of the Ganges or in the waves of Rameshwar. So even his last tribute to the dead is one of renunciation.

The Muslim on the other hand deposits the body of the loved dead carefully in the earth and over that earthly spot he builds the marble tomb. The loveliest and noblest tombs the world knows are Muslim. Don't we see the underlying shade of difference in the two attitudes to life and death? Through Hindu culture there continually runs a strain of renunciation. Through Muslim culture has always run the love of life, the eternal striving to cling to it. The Taj has put that striving into noble lines of stone drawn in imperishable beauty. But let us study the madura Temple as a symbol of Hindu culture.

Let us compare the Taj and this Temple. It is a mighty temple. It is built of solid granites. Its four towers pierce the sky on the four sides. The temple encloses a vast area. Inside is a tank the waters of which catch the shadows of the different hours at different times of the day. The Taj too has its marvellous monuments, its mighty dome. And yet how different are the two. Here is one significant difference. Every inch of the four towers of the temple is crowded with carvings in stone. Whole epics are there carved in stone. From the distance the towers are simply dark solid conical heights piercing the sky. From the distance, apart from a sense of size and grandeur the towers do not touch the soul. No beauty shines out-of colour, or of slender and delicate lines. These towers must be studied closely in detail before the soul is stirred. That granite can be moulded into such graces of countless figures and lines, that a vast array of carved figures of beauty can be fitted into the vast face of four towers, will thrill only on a detailed examination. Few people enjoy looking at the Madura temple from the distance. The joy is more to come near and marvel at the details. Not so the Taj. It excels in the broad outlines which kiss the space surrounding it. To look at the Taj in the moonlight has been a joy unspeakable. The moonlight reveals the broad outlines only. No one ever looks at the Madura temple in the moonlight. They study it in the broad daylight.

Broad Outline And Intricate Detail

Muslim culture is like the Taj. Its significance is in its broad lines. It is not lost in an endless array of details. It emphasises broad outlines of spiritual thought and material well-being of human kind. These broad outlines once grasped details might vary and are never over-emphasised. Hindu culture is full of minute details. It is like a coral reef full of a multitude of living cells clinging together. There are few discernible broad outlines of fundamental validity. Even if they are there they are submerged by the wealth of details. In every deal the Muslim wants to conform to broad outlines of conduct; the Hindu is worried by the various details. One represents an outlook more, the other the striving to make the steps that even an outlook.

Thei Muslim loves the earth even paradse is an extention of the earth joys. He is more interested

(Continued on Page 6)

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One Artist Applauds Another!

Prithvi Theatre's 'Shakuntala'

By HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHAYAYA

We have pleasure in publishing this constructive criticism of Prithvi Theatre's 'Shakuntala' which gives one artiste's response to the work of a brother artiste.

Prithviraj has been known, for several years past, as a film-artiste. He has been a successful actor on the screen, and the public of the country have given him warm welcome. Indeed, he is still considered to be one of the top-notchers: his celluloid price is large . . .

But Prithviraj as a stage-actor is not so well-known. Those of us who have known him, have known that the theatre has been his first love. The film has never been able to satisfy his soul; it has been able to give him the substance to start Prithvi Theatres to satisfy his soul. It is the mark of a genuine love for the stage that has made Prithvi put in both himself as well as his money into his long-dreamed venture. It is good to come across an example of his type—a genuine love of art, of the theatre, of acting; a deep thirst for self-expression and a boldness which has led him to try out some new things in the theatre-world of our country.

I was very grateful to Prithvi for inviting me to witness his show; but when he extended the kind invitation, he did not do so with the confidence that I would go into raptures over his effort. In fact, he told me that it was only an effort, and that he had the consolation that he had made a start! He has told the public, too, that he is fully aware of the short-comings of his performance; and has asked their forgiveness, making the request beautiful by putting it across in a well-known Urdu couplet. He is fully conscious of his ideal and the fact that it will take him twelve years to attain it.'

But I was genuinely delighted to witness the drama. I did not do so as a layman, who would naturally expect a hysterics of swiftness, humour, music, movement being so accustomed to the filmfare that is given him every day. I approached the performance with a deep and silent sympathy and understanding. I was surprised, and pleasantly surprised, to see the start, which was a preface to the plot in shadow-play. I could not help thanking Uday Shankar in my heart for the pioneer-work he had done in that field. Then again, Prithviraj has made use of the shadow-play-technique of commentary through the mike. This again recalled Shankar, to whom our hats should be off every time we draw inspiration from his pioneer-efforts in the past.

The drama started with a colourful set . . . which must have been pleasing to the general public. But I must confess that I was rather sorry that Prithvi chose to present Shakuntala, the renowned Kalidas Classic, inside a setting of painted screens and wings. The tree in the centre with its branches running towards the ceiling unfortunately came in the way of a complete appreciation of some of Prithvi's best gestures and poses which were obviously being created on the parapet wall in the back-ground. For Prithvi loves poses, and his whole idea of stage-acting is built upon them. There is little doubt that working with Anderson in the past has given him certain mannerisms which are good and suit certain plays and certain moods . . . some of them came off at the right moment during the progress of the play; for instance that whole movement-pattern when Dushyanta does not recognise Shakuntala; and the cutting of the back door with his figure standing in a pose of utter helplessness and anguish. Prithvi has a sense of rhythm—but I felt that he was not quite able to make full use of his face—the muscles of which play a tremendous part during moments of emotion.

But the whole performance seemed to be spoilt by the very fact of its settings, which in themselves, were precious and fine. I wished all the time that the drama had unfolded on a bare stage set up with levels, stairs, squares, triangles . . . picked out and up by coloured lamp-stains . . . purples, pinks, blues, silver blues . . . blood-red and green . . . *A Classic needs no tawdry support of make-believe. It demands an ascetic austerity of vision, and of placement.* If Prithvi would try out Sakuntala on a bare stage, and in light-and-shadow settings, he would, perhaps, find his own emotions grow deeper and more vital and convincing. A bareness on the stage is even as the apparent bareness of the horizon; against it and within it and under its mighty-breathing bigness one feels expansions happening within the brain and the heart, and the senses swim forth even as the images of clouds whose shapes are unpremeditated, whose colours are sudden and change quietly and spontaneously from moment to moment; a bare stage is a wonderful inspiration for a rich artiste! The excess of painted details and the constant presence of gaudy sets unconsciously weigh on the actor's sense, and make him feel all the time that he is in the midst of trappings; besides, they draw away the attention of the audience from the purity of classicism which demands of them a purity and undividedness of attention. The eye of the mind cannot put up with over-detailed atmospheres—If only colour-stains could have brought out the moods, and it is not difficult once for to understand how it is done, the whole play would have taken on "a modern ancientness" and "an ancient modernity" making Kalidas re-live in our minds.

Prithvi did not once, *not even ence*, make use of the quiet narrow space before the front-wing where soliloquy sounds lonesome, intimate and while being far-removed from the players, still makes the link with them complete. He never *even once* right forward to the edge of the stage, but seemed, unconsciously, bound to a habit of the camera-space on the film floor. This also happened with his voice which, at times, forgot that it was not before a microphone in a cinema-studio. Stage-delivery is a distinct art, and Prithvi surely has enough in him to conquer theatre-space in an auditorium. But somehow habit is stronger than drink . . . and Prithvi could not quite get away from it.

However, the effort he has made is commendable, and I wish that many more of our cultured film-artistes would follow his example, team up and produce better and better stage-performances. There is a tremendous need felt in the country for a National Theatre, which, if it is truly National, would become a People's Theatre. Very fine efforts have already been made towards it by the Progressive Groups, the Indian People's-Theatre,—and now, Prithviraj's Group have added another power and effort towards the Movement towards a National Theatre. Let us hope that Prithvi will be given the fullest support by his fellow-artistes, and that, given it, he will turn it to the fullest use. Team-work today is the slogan; and nobody, however great and magnificent, can achieve anything worth while if team-work is not the ideal before him. Prithvi is a splendid comrade and knows how to work with others; he is much loved by his friends, and much is expected of him. I congratulate Prithviraj on his effort, and am sure that he will achieve more and more success on the stage with time and experience; for both these elements in life and work are urgent, and lead man towards mastery, provided his sincerity of effort conitnues undefeated and unbroken even by temporary set-backs.

The Taj And The Temple

(Continued from Page 5)

in the life here and now, and he remembers the after life only reluctantly. To the Hindu this earthly life is only a stepping stone. His love of this earth is thus a vicarious one. The strength of the Muslim lies in the fact that he cannot be dislodged from fundamentals. The strength of the Hindu is his grasp of details. Strange as it may seem, the truth is, the muslim is more an idealist than the Hindu and the Hindu more a realist than the Muslim. Even the Gandhi-Jinnah correspondence shows this. Jinnah is after a Pakistan, the details of which he does not know. Gandhi refuses to take a Pakistan, the details of which he is not told.

What Jinnah seeks are the broad outlines into which his conception of Pakistan fits. What Gandhi wants to know are the details which make up Pakistan. If Gandhi would yield the principle Jinnah might yield in the details.

Do we thus arrive at a solution of the Hindu-Muslim question by a study of Muslim and Hindu architecture? Can we combine the beautiful outlines of the Taj with the wealth of details of the Madura Temple? Can we combine the strength that comes from an outlook rooted in broad fundamentals with the power that comes from the intimate grasp of details? Nothing can destroy the strength of Islam to cling to a fundamental outlook of human brotherhood, democracy and the love of this life on earth. Nothing can destroy the Hindu genius for the mastery of details for building step by step the pathway to the goal. One is ideological clarity. The other is ethical clarity. If we can combine these two we can forge a new power which will be irresistable. Hindu Muslim unity is this unity of this power of ideas, and this power of conduct. Such unity will make India a mighty power in the world. The world to-day needs the gift of such a unity. Let Muslims and Hindus forge that unity. That is the greatest mission history has laid on them today. (Copy-right National Press Syndicate.)

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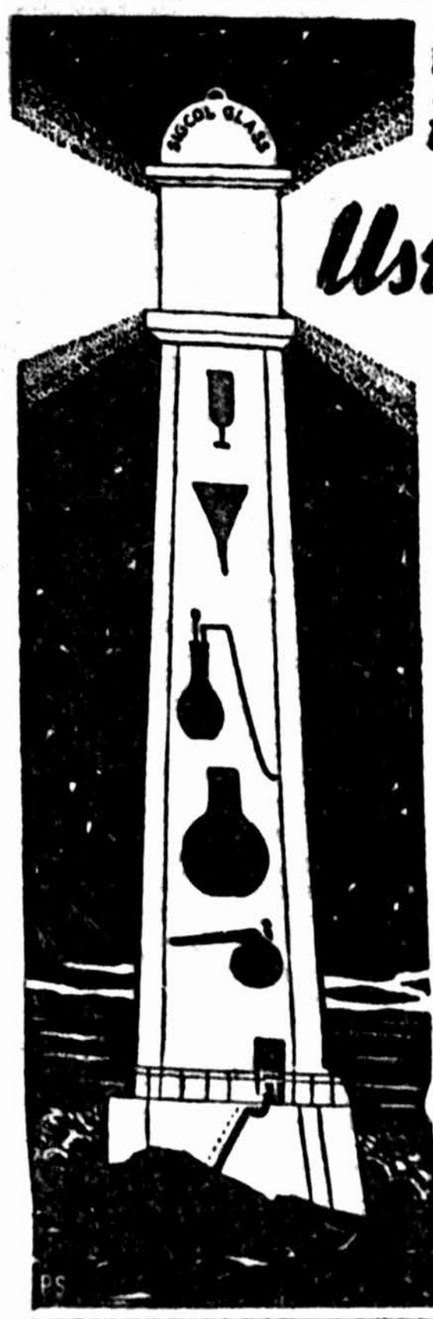

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Surprise Amendments To Trusteeship Proposals

YALTA AGREEMENT MAY WRECK 'FRISCO HOPES

From S. A. SABAVALA, "Chronicle" Special Representative

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11: The 'pros' and 'cons' of the Polish issue accelerated by Mr. Eden's statement rage in a nation-wide dispute. Although UNCIO carries on its work stolidly and conscientiously, there can be no doubt whatsoever that until the Soviet's political intentions with regard to the eastern and south-eastern Europe are made absolutely clear, no World Security Organisation can be built up, nor will the U. S. Senate and Congress ratify the Charter. The admiration and sympathy of the whole world is already with the glorious achievements of the Red Army and the system which has made them possible.

But this cannot and must not blind us to certain fundamental facts which, at present, menace not only to European but world peace. It cannot, for instance, be denied that the Yalta Agreement with reference to Poland is unsatisfactory and that it represents a Soviet diplomatic victory. It cannot, for instance, be denied that the USSR by its occupation of Eastern Poland in 1939 has violated eight separate bilateral and multilateral treaties since 1921 starting with the peace of Riga and ending with the fourth Partition of Poland on September 28, 1939.

ANTI-SOVIET ARGUMENTS

Those in the anti-Soviet camp put forward the following arguments:

(1) that the USSR cannot possibly want the Baltic countries and Eastern Poland on grounds of security since history has proved conclusively that a strong and united Poland is a bulwark against German aggression;

(2) that the USSR could not possibly want these countries as spheres of influence from an economic standpoint since the Soviets are rich beyond compare in all the necessary commodities that the earth can provide. Therefore all that remains is the political reason. This is answered by the repeated assurances from the Kremlin and by Stalin's well known avowal that the revolution is not for export and that Russia for the moment, at any rate, is not interested in spreading Communism outside its borders.

The anti-Soviet camp maintains that the Lublin Government is a Russian puppet, that Bierut, the president is a Russian citizen and a noted Soviet propagandist and that the Polish Government in London which was waging war against the Axis even when Germany and Russia were friends, is the better representative of the Polish people.

The Soviets on the other hand have denounced the London regime as reactionary, Fascist and non-representative.

SEEDS OF THIRD WORLD WAR

Between these two wildly divergent viewpoints, stand the Western Democracies and they make a pathetic picture. They are unable to make up their minds. Yalta, in President Roosevelt's own words, was a compromise and this vacillation is laying the first foundations of World War III and is also likely to wreck any constructive work that may be done in San Francisco.

What is now needed is a clear and downright Soviet policy and statement from Moscow, a statement in which the world can believe and which will be carried out to the letter.

The foreign secretaries of the "Big Four" here have failed to reach agreement and they are about to disperse. A great opportunity has thus gone by and the whole matter is now in the hands of the respective governments concerned. It is impossible to believe that Soviet Russia plans to dominate the European continent but unfortunately, the seeds of this dangerous idea are being laid and once laid, they will be hard to eradicate. Thus nothing is so important to us all just now; no preambles or amendments on security or trusteeships as the speedy and satisfactory solution of this sorry and tragic mess. The legacies of Nazi Germany are still with us and this, the first one, must not be permitted to bear fruit.

There is also widespread criticism here about the Soviet's refusal to allow Allied correspondents in their zones about their refusal to permit UNRA to operate in these zones and about their refusal to allow the

(Continued on Page 14)

NOTICE

The office of *The Bombay Chronicle* will be closed on Monday, the 14th May, 1945 and there will, therefore, be no issue of the journal on Tuesday the 15th May, 1945.

MAHATMA LAUGHS IT OUT!

Latest About Jinnah's Denial

MAHABLESHWAR, May 12 (A.P.I.) Mahatma Gandhi burst into laughter when he was informed that Mr. Jinnah has denied the genuineness of the alleged correspondence between him and Mr. Amery, published in a Bombay Gujarati daily.

"DISGUSTING", SAYS C. R.!

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari remarked: "Mr. Jinnah's denial must be accepted, and the topic should end with that. If papers are willing to publish stolen letters there are people ready to make money by fabricating such letters as would like to have. It is disgusting."

SHOLAPUR, May 12 (U.P.I.): The mill authorities of Sholapur, it is understood, have decided to reduce the dearness allowance of the mill workers from Rs. 0-13-3 to Rs. 0-10-0 per day with effect from April....

PLATITUDES FOR "EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH"

Houses Of Parliament To Present Addresses To King

LONDON, May 12. (Reuter)—Lords and Commons will pledge resolute support to continuing the war against Japan in addresses to the King to be moved in both Houses on Tuesday.

The addresses, which convey to His Majesty heartfelt congratulations of Parliament on the victorious conclusion of the war in Europe, make special reference to the part played by the Empire in delivering Europe from threatened bondage.

The Commons address, to be moved by Mr. Churchill, says: "We should acknowledge the powerful help given without hesitation and without stint to the common cause by the peoples of your Empire and Commonwealth of Nations overseas".

Lord Woolton will move the Address in the House of Lords, which makes the following reference to the Empire's contribution: "We rejoice with your Majesty in the stalwart aid given to the old country by the peoples of your Dominions and of your Empire throughout the world. Distance could not qualify their resolve to support the cause of their King, and this spectacle of free and equal nations living in other continents who eagerly contributed their man power and resources to resist and overthrow unbridled aggression in Europe will stand in history as a proof of the happy link of union provided by the British Crown."

SIND VICTORY BONUS

In celebration of the Victory Day, the Government off Sind has sanctioned a bonus of Rs. 10 each for all its low-paid staff.

Mr. Ramswarup Khanna of Delhi has donated Rs. one lakh to the Benares Hindu University for awarding scholarships to deserving students from the interest of the amount.

Himmler In British Hands Now?

NEW YORK, May 12 (Reuter): The Columbia Broadcasting System's correspondent in Paris says: "Himmler is now reported to be in British hands.

He is understood to have been held by Grand Admiral Doenitz in the Flensburg area under house-arrest and Doenitz is now believed to have turned him, over to the British forces in that area."

WHO RULES IN GERMANY?

LONDON, May 12 (Reuter): Considerable confusion surrounds the present position of Grand Admiral Doenitz and Field-Marshal Busch, writes Jon Kimche, Reuter's military correspondent.

On Friday night, at 10 p.m. G.M.T. the Flensburg radio broadcast an order by Field-Marshal Busch, Commander-in-Chief in the north. In this Field-Marshal Busch announced that "by order of the Grand Admiral and in agreement with the British Occupation Authorities, I have taken command of Schleswig-Holstein."

No authoritative comment is available in London on this announcement, which still bases its legality on orders of Grand Admiral Doenitz. It is pointed out, however that similar action is not permitted in any other Army Group areas where the Germans have capitulated.

In the same way continued operation of radio Flensburg as a German-Government controlled station has been considered curious. It broadcasts daily news items and such things as last messages of German Atlantic pockets before surrendering.

The impression conveyed by these orders and broadcasts is that for the time being the 'de facto' continuation of the Doenitz Government has been accepted by the Allied military authorities responsible for this. But this definitely conflicts with the terms of unconditional surrender and some clarification of this puzzling situation is expected in London military diplomatic circles.

'V-E DAY' IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE DID IT

(From Our Correspondent)

LONDON, May 12

At the investiture held at the Buckingham Palace an R.A.F. Officer walked on to the dais with his arm in a plaster-cast.

The King asked sympathetically: "Where did that happen?"

The Officer replied: "Trafalgar Square on V-E Day."

BIG THREE TO MEET SOON

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12 (U.P.A.): The present vague plans for an early meeting of the President Truman, Marshal Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill will crystallize within a week, following the return of British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden and the Soviet Foreign Commissar to their respective countries, it is believed here.

The British are said to be exerting strong pressure to have the "Big Three" meet in London.

Jap Ambassador To Germany Captured

U. S. Seventh Army Headquarters, May 12 (U.P.A.): American troops have taken into custody Miboshi Oshima, Japanese Ambassador to Germany. His wife and about 130 Japanese diplomatic personnel also were apprehended.

Jap Kurile Base Bombed

ALEUTIAN ISLAND, May 12 (Reuter) (delayed): Japanese shipping at Kataoka naval base on Shumshu island in the Kurile group 30 miles south of the tip of Katchatka peninsula in Siberia was to-day bombed by a force of 'liberators', an announcement from the U. S Eleventh Air Force Headquarters.

The planes also hit the staging area at Kashiwabara in Paramushiro, another of the Kurile islands.

It is thought here that the presence of Japanese shipping at Kataeka may indicate that the Japanese are reinforcing their Kurile bases following Russia's denunciation of the neutrality pact with Japan.

BOMBAY GOVT. TO FORFEIT A.-I.-C.-C. DEPOSIT

Sequel To Small Causes Court Dismissal Of Bachhraj & Co's Petition

BOMBAY, May 12 (A.P.I.): The Government of Bombay, it is understood, have decided to forfeit a sum of Rs. 72,800 belonging to the All-India Congress Committee, which has been deposited with their bankers Messrs. Bachhraj and Co., Bombay.

It is stated that the decision follows the dismissal by the Chief Judge of Small Causes Court, Bombay, of a petition by the Bankers contesting the Government order expressing their intention to forfeit the amount.

NO CHANGE IN AZAD'S HEALTH

BANKURA, May 11 (A.P.I.): There has been no change in the health of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, who is in detention here. The building "Ram Nibas" where he is lodged is fitted with electric lights and fans, pump, overhead tank and shower bath.

Maulana Azad, however, was feeling very uncomfortable due to the oppressive heat last week. He takes regular walks every evening on the roof of the building and in the garden attached to it, he smilingly returns the salutes of people who sometimes assemble outside the Ram Nibas at that time.

KIRPALANI REFUSES INTERVIEWS

Facilities Given In Ahmednagar Denied

KARACHI, May 11. (A. P. I.): Dr Choithram Gidwani, president of the Sind Provincial Congress Committee, in a statement today says that although the Government of Sind claims to have placed Acharya Kirpalani in a special class he is not receiving the same facilities as he was given in Ahmednagar.

As a protest against this treatment Mr. Kirpalani has refused to have interviews and receive his post and newspapers.

Dr. Choithram adds that the health of Acharya Kirpalani is delicate and ever since his admission in Karachi jail he has been suffering from some nose trouble which requires special treatment.

Referring to the Home Minister's statement that everything humanly possible has been done for Mr. Kirpalani, Dr. Choithram asks Khan Bahadur Mir Ghulam Ali Khan Home Minister to publish the whole correspondence which he says has passed between Acharya Kirpalani and the Government.

****

LATEST COMMERCIAL

(COTTON JULY)

NEW YORK, May 12

Previous Closing	22.72
Today's Opening	22.75
Difference	+03
Today's Closing	22.83
Difference	+11

BEIGHTON CUP

B. N. Railway's Third Consecutive Success

BY J. C. MAITRA

The Bengal Nagpur Railway team from Kharagpur retained their grip over the Beighton Cup for the third year in succession. This was their fourth visit to the premier hockey tournament in the East in as many years, which clearly shows their commanding superiority over all their challengers. I took the opportunity of my presence in Galcutta to pay a visit to the C.F.C. ground to witness the final engagement between the B.N.R. and the Mahomedan Sporting, the famous soccer club of this city. The Mahomedans had won the League Championship this season and therefore they fondly hoped that they might have the good fortune of winning the Blue Riband of Indian hockey as well. But the Railwaymen dashed all their hopes to the ground by overpowering them to the tune of three goals to one. Needless to mention, they fully deserved their victory. They were superior to their rivals in every department of the game and actually outclassed and outplayed them on the field of battle.

COMPLAINT AGAINST BOMBAY

The Mahomedans were, however, the first to score. Within three minutes from the bully-off, they made their way to the Railway goal and took the lead. But it was like a flash in the pan Although they managed to retain the lead for minutes, the Railwaymen filled the picture most of the time. I can not say that the standard of hockey was of a higher quality than we see in Bombay. On the other hand the last Aga Khan Tournament produced something of a more sparkling character on several occasions, though it never reached the class of by-gone days. In fact, Sir B. N. Mukherjee, President of the Bengal Hockey Association, complained that his tournament was robbed much of its attraction owing to the inability of some of the prominent teams from upcountry to make the journey to Calcutta. They were held up in Bombay due to the extension of the dates of the Aga Khan Cup. He made an earnest appeal to the Indian Hockey Federation to see that the competitions of an all-India nature do not clash with one another. The underlying idea of these tournaments is to raise the standard of the game in all parts of the country and thereby enhance popular interest everywhere. I have no doubt the Aga Khan Tournament Committee will heartily co-operate in this matter, as it is as much in their own interest as that of Bengal.

POPULARITY OF HOCKEY IN BENGAL

Calcutta is having a drizzle or a shower of rain almost every afternoon during the last few days. Last Saturday was no exception. In fact it rained so much that I was afraid that there would be no game at all that evening. An hour before the commencement of the match, the clerk of the weather fortunately held his hands. So the match was possible. But he had already done the damage to the game and the gates. The ground was a little slippery which certainly reduced the pace of the exchanges. And the number of spectators also fell short of expectations. I need hardly mention that hockey is not half as popular with the Bengalis as soccer. It does not draw the huge crowds which are seen during the football season. The highest gate-receipt in a Beighton Cup final during the last 15 years was about Rs. 10,000 recorded in 1933. This year it amounted to Rs. 4,000 only. The football figures go upto Rs. 25,000. Of course the crowd was bigger than what we saw at the last Aga Khan final. But owing to the larger area occupied by the stands it looked somewhat empty at places. If it had not rained, the stands might have been better filled.

MAHOMEDANS' DISTINCTION

The Mahomedans are the first purely local Indian side to reach the final. By "local" it must not be supposed that the team was composed of Bengalis. In truth Bengalis do not figure in it at all. It is really strange that the game which suits them most in every respect does not appeal to them in a greater degree. Short and sparsely built as they generally are, a violent game like soccer in which their opponents are, more often than not, robust and stalwart, hardly fits them well. They have taken to it so keenly, and wholeheartedly only because of its cheapness. Now I understand hockey has been introduced in Calcutta's schools and colleges. We may therefore hope to see a larger number of Bengalis taking part in this game in the near future. So the distinction made above is only between upcountry and local Indian teams. It has nothing to do with their composition as between Bengalis and non-Bengalis, whether Muslims or Hindus.

WANT OF DISCIPLINE

Nevertheless, it is very creditable on the part of the celebrated football club to make an effort to repeat their glorious history in the field of Indian hockey. After winning the Calcutta League they went to Bombay to take part in the Aga Khan Tournament in which, however, they succumbed to the Bangalore Sporting, one of its semi-finalists. If they persist as they did in the case of soccer they are sure to bring that coveted trophy to Calcutta before many years elapsed. They had however the satisfaction of gaining the runners-up position in the Beighton Tournament. Who knows they may lift this Cup even next year—great fighters as they are! I only wish their players, and supporters would be more disciplined than they are. Otherwise the sad incidents which have disfigured the Calcutta Soccer fields during last few years would be repeated—perhaps with greater intensity and vigour with the general increase of the communal spirit—on the hockey grounds of Calcutta. I hope most earnestly that this will not be the case.

SPECTATORS INVADE THE FIELD

I am stressing on this point only because there was a disgraceful incident in the semi-final match between the two old soccer rivals, the Mohun Bagan and the Mahomedan Sporting. It seems that they are developing into strong rival parties in hockey as well, as the second position attained by the former in the League world show. In the engagement referred to Mohun Bagan secured the lead early and held on to it till the 23rd minute of the second period. Then a penalty-corner was awarded against them from which Naeem the Mahomedan skipper directed a shot towards the Mohun Bagan goal. From the newspaper and other first-hand reports, it appears that the ball went far wide of the mark. The Umpire pointed his finger for the twenty-five bully. But Naeem and some of his other mates claimed a goal. This was, however disallowed by that official. Arguments followed for nearly eight minutes in which the Mahomedan Sporting supporters invading the field took part. As the umpire stuck to his guns the Mahomedans yielded ultimately

UMPIRE MILLS' PATIENCE

The behaviour of the players and the spectators concerned were most unsporting and reprehensible. I am surprised that an experienced umpire like Mills should have allowed himself to be argued with for such a long time as eight minutes. Of course the only alternative for him was to abandon the match after the Mahomedans refused to bully-off. This might have created many complications in Calcutta—and Bengal—hockey. Here politics, and influence seem to play greater part in the conduct of players and officials than rules of the game. I suppose Umpire Mills thought discretion was the better part of valour. So he refrained from any ordering recalcitrant player off the field. He bore with them all patiently and finally succeeded in persuading them to resume the fight. Then another surprising thing happened.

HOW UMPIRES COLLABORATE

The Mahomedans scored a goal after the allotted time of 25 minutes each way was over. And this was the equaliser. It is said that the umpires had given four minutes short in the first half. Having realised this during the interval, the increased the second period by that length of time! This was however against the rules. Anyway this must have been denied by them before the Tournament Committee as the drawn match was ordered to be replaced. Otherwise the verdict would have gone in favour of Mohun Bagan. The latter, incidentally failed to survive the replay being beaten in it by a brace of goals.

In this connection I may mention that the standard of umpiring Calcutta was in no way better than we see in Bombay. Although my experience was that of a single match it was the most important of the season. The only difference I noticed was that the umpires pulled up infringements in the opposite halves when they were nearer to the one or the other. Nobody objected to this 'poaching'. But it would raise yells and hooting in Bombay!

STEP-MOTHERLY TREATMENT TO HOCKEY

Sir Biren Mukherjee referred to the shortness of the hockey season in Calcutta. This was due to the short period allotted by the Commissioner of Police and the football and cricket authorities. He pleaded for a longer duration for this game. Does it not strike it strange that the game in which India is world champion should be treated in a step-motherly fashion by those who ought to encourage and help it in every manner possible? Only two months and a half are allotted for it as against seven to Soccer. Another surprising thing about it is that matches cannot be played on Sundays. The Calcutta Fuehrer —I mean the Police Commissioner— would not have it, because it would hurt the religious susceptibilities of the Christians! You may go to Cinemas and other places of amusements —and even crowd the bars—but sport is tabooed on religious grounds. So the best day of the week from every point of view, excepting Christian orthodoxy is lost. Many years ago this question had arisen in the Soccer world of Bombay. But rationalism decided the issue in favour of play on Sundays. I do not know why the sporting bodies of Calcutta do not carry on an intensive agitation against this stupid ban. Let those who are so religious-minded—I am sure they must be very, very small in number—stay away from the maidans. Nobody would mind it.

SCARCITY OF PLAYING FIELDS?

Would you believe that in Calcutta where playing fields abound, hockey does not get a chance to play? Football and Cricket claim priority over the game which may be called one of India's national sport. Sir Biren Mukherjee actually referred to this in his speech mentioned above. I can understand the claim of Soccer. But why Cricket? It is one of the most ill-suited games for the poor Bengalis. But a wave of enthusiasm is passing over the province, in which many people have been carried away without any serious thought to the suitability or otherwise of the game. I am afraid the slow progress which might result owing to the various limitations and handicaps placed in the way of the aspirants may turn their fervour in other directions before long. This does not mean that I am discouraging the game altogether. Let those who can afford it indulge in it by all means. They should even try to improve their games as best as they can. But those who cannot afford the time, energy and money which this game demands should stay away from it altogether. It is no use nibbling at it.

CALCUTTA'S PECULIARITIES

Calcutta has its own peculiarities in many respects. One was that the trophies and prizes for several tournaments were distributed at the same time. It was only the winners and runners-up of the Beighton Cup who received them from the hands of Governor Casey. And the others were handed over in lumps to the captains to the teams concerned. I fail to see the fun of the latter. Would it not have been more appropriate and pleasant to receive them individually at the hands of smaller frys, or say less distinguished than the Governor of the Province? I am sure it would pay the Tournament Committees better if they do so in future. However I sympathise with the B. H. A. for not having a ground of its own. In consequence of which they cannot put up a score-board—a thing which is such an important part of tournament games.

IMPORTANT

THE FUTURE OF INDIA DEPENDS UPON HER FIGHTING SERVICES. YOU MUST HELP TO KEEP THESE WORTHY OF THEIR GREAT TASK. INDIA MUST HAVE A STRONG EFFICIENT AND MODERN NAVY. THIS NAVY MUST HAVE AN ADEQUATE SUPPLY OF THE BEST POSSIBLE OFFICERS TO LEAD ITS MAGNIFICENT SAILORS WHO HAVE CREATED THE TRADITIONS OF WHICH INDIA IS JUSTLY PROUD.

Apart from the value and pride of service, the training and experience gained in the Royal Indian Navy will be of untold value to INDIA and to the individual, whether he remains in the Navy or returns to a professional or business life.

THREE FUTURE POINTS

For those who desire to serve in the post-war Navy the fact that they have not previously come forward need not prejudice their chances of obtaining a regular commission, because it is essential that the regular office cadre should be spread evenly over the age groups.

For those who desire to return to Civil life there will be many opportunities in the posts which the Government has reserved for men who have served in the Fighting Forces.

Universities have decided to grant liberal concessions to assist ex-students returning from the Fighting Services to complete their studies. Particulars can be obtained from your University authorities.

YOU ARE THE YOUNG MEN OF INDIA; THE MEN IN WHOSE HANDS LIES THE FUTURE OF INDIA. THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY NEEDS YOUNG, EDUCATED, PATRIOTIC INDIANS—THAT MEANS YOU !

Full particulars can be obtained from—

The Secretary of your University or College, or from any Recruiting Office.

AAA 281

Intermediate Science Exam. Results

The following candidates have also passed the practical tests of the Intermediate Science Examination of the University of Bombay held in March 1945.

NOS.:—10 (A Group): 825 826 829 834 837 841 843 844 849 853 854 857 863 864 865 868 869 873 874 875 881 882 887 890 892 894 895 899 900 901 903 905 906 908 913 924 926 927 929 931 937 942 946 952 955 958 962 964 966 968 973 976 978 980 984 986 987 994 1004 1005 1011 1013 1414 1015 1016 1017 1019 1020 1022 1023 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1032 1033 1034 1035 1039 1041 1042 1046 1048 1049 1054 1055 1056 1059 1063 1067 1071 1072 1077 1078 1079 1082 1084 1090 1096 1103 1104 1106 1108 1115 1116 1117 1118 1121 1122 1124 1128 1131 1133 1134 1136 1137 1138 1139 1142 1143 1146 1147 1149 1151 1152 1156 1162 1167 1172 1176 1177 1178 1180 1182 1183 1184 1188 1190 1191 1192 1193 1195 1198 1200 1201 1205 1208 1209 1211 1214 1215 1216 1218 1221 1222 1224 1225 1226 1227 1230 1233 1237 1240 1241 1242 1243 1244 1247 1248 1250 1251 1252 1253 1254 1255 1259 1260 1262 1266 1271 1272 1273 1274 1275 1277 1278 1281 1282 1284 1285 1286 1287 1288 1289 1294 1296 1297 1304 1305 1308 1309 1312 1313 1314 1317 1319 1320 1322 1323 1324 1325 1327 1332 1334 1335 1336 1337 1340 1342 1347 1350 1352 1353 1354 1367 1372 1378 1379 1383 1384 1394 1396 1400 1404 1406 1410 1417 1420 1424 1426 1432 1435 1439 1443 1445 1448 1452 1453 1454 1456 1458 1464 1465 1466 1467 1473 1474 1485 1486 1489 1491 1492 1491 1495 1499 1502 1505 1511 1515 2086 2087 2103 2115 2116 2121 2125 2126 2128 2130 2176 2191 2192 2204 2207 2212 2221 2222 2230 2253 2256 2268 2272 2276 2277 2278 2292 2295 2296 2298 2304 2306 2308 2311 2312 2313 2317 2321 2322 2326 2333 2342 2343 2347 2349 2350 2354 2369 2370 2508 2519 2520 2521 2528 2534 2537 2549 2552 2553 2555 2560 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2571 2577 2579 2580 2581 2587 2593 2594 2599 2605 2607 2609 2612 2615 2617 2732 2733 2750 2754 2756 2758 2771 2778 2806 2809 2810 2811 2825 2839 2851 2852 2853 2951 2956 2957 2959 2961 2962 2964 2967 2968 2969 2972 2973 2978 2979 2983 2984 2985 2986 2990 2991 2994 3004 3007 3008 3009 3011 3014 3017 3023 3025 3026 3036 3038 3039 3051 3052 3054 3058 3059 3061 3066 3067 3130 3132 3133 3135 3137 3145 3147 3153 3155 3166 3231 3236 3242 3259 3280 3288 3291 3294 3300 3301 3304 3305 3334 3336 3338 3344 3354 3417 3420 3479 3482 3488 3490 3500 3501 3591 3606 3614 3617 3626 3630 3632 3645 3758 3759 3761 3764 3773 3774 3777 3778 3783 3785 3787 3790 3806 3889 3892 3894 3897 3900 3916 3919 3924 3932 3933 3935 4212 4215 4223 4230 4237 4239 4240 4241 4242 4248 4250 4251 4254 4255 4256 4259 4262 4264 4267 4268 4271 4278 4279 4282 4291 4295 4298 4308 4311 4313 4316 4318 4323 4324 4327 4329 4331 4333 4336 4343 4344 4348 4353 4355 4358 4360 4362 4364 4366 4368 4369 4372 4374 4381 4382 4391 4392 4393 4395 4397 4398 4399 4402 4479 4481 4490 4491 4492 4493 4499 4502 4507 4517 4520 4523 4524 4526 4536 4540 4542 4545 4547 4551 4555 4558 4561 4606 4609 4610 4613 4619 4625 4629.

The following Candidates who passed the Intermediate Science Examination in a previous year have passed the Practical Tests at the Inter Science Examination held in March, 1945.

4639 4641 4642 4643 4644 4648 4650 4651 4653 4657 4658 4659 4660 4661 4662 4665 4666 4667 4669 4671 4675 4676 4677 4681 4684 4386 4689 4691 4696 4698 4699 4700 4701 4707 4708 4709 4714 4715 4717 4718 4720 4722 4725 4728 4729 4730 4733 4735 4737 4738 4741 4746 4750 4751 4752 4753 4761 4762 4763 4764 4765.

Supplementary Results of the Intermediate Science Examination of March, 1945.

The following candidates have been declared to have passed the Examination:—

SECOND CLASS NOS. 591 687 781 1528 3398.

PASS NOS.: 73 470 774 1311 1484 1493 1740 1754 1808 1811 1877 1987 2250 2275 2993 3037 3429 3891 3994 4180 4388.

The following unsuccessful candidates are allowed to keep terms for the B.Sc. Examination:—

NOS: 53 173 187 762 2651 3078 3559 3647 3701 3814 3862 4287.

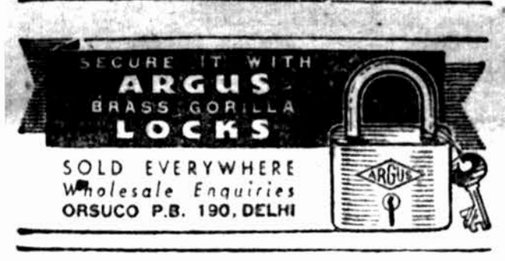
Supplementary Results of the Intermediate Science Practical Examination of March 1945

The following candidates have also passed the Intermediate Science Practical Examination:—

NOS.: 1311 1493 2275 3891 4388.

CORRECTION

Result of candidate No. 1752 (and not that of No. 1572 as announced in the original result published earlier) has been reserved.



AND CURE CATARACT AND ALLIED EYE-DISEASES WITHOUT OPERATION.

Dilip Banerjee M.B. SPECIALISTS (OPTHAL.) BARISAL (Bengal) 19-2-45

Messrs. B.C. DeKaga & Co
327, Hornby Road, P.O. Box 169, Fort
Bombay.

Dear Sirs
Few days back I received a V.P.P. containing 2 phials of Eydol (Eye drops). I have tried the medicine in two of my patients and it has given satisfactory results. Kindly send me for V.P.P. 1 dozen "Eydol" at your earliest convenience.
Thanking you
Yours faithfully
D. Banerjee

Received on 24.2.45
Replied on
File

Eydol EYE DROPS

Price Rs. 3-12-0
Available at all Chemists or P.O. Box 169 Bombay

CITY MARKETS

GOLD AND SILVER

BOMBAY, May 12.

The local bullion market was fairly firm and professional operators were bidding higher prices at the auction. Forward Silver opened at Rs. 124/4 and advanced to Rs. 125/8 and steadied at Rs. 125/6. Ready Silver was quoted at Rs 127/6. Forward Gold opened at Rs. 72 and after advancing to Rs. 72/9 steadied at Rs. 72/8. Ready Gold was quoted at Rs. 74/2. Tone was very steady.

BUSINESS HOLIDAY

All City Markets will remain entirely closed on Monday.

BOMBAY COTTON

BOMBAY, May 12.

The Cotton Market opened steady to-day with July quoted at Rs. 418. There was moderate buying and short covering which improved to Rs. 421. At this level the demand was satisfied and under scattered selling July steadied at Rs. 420/8. The market is under the influence of professional operators while general feeling is bullish based on price consideration. Monthly premium is reduced now which shows that price and range will be narrow.

The market later ruled very steady and July advanced to Rs. 423/8. The market closed at 3 p.m. as under:—

I.C.C. May	412	0	0
I.C.C. July	423	4	0
I.C.C. Sept.	438	0	0

COTTON PARITY

Indian Cotton July Contract is 661 cent points under New York July at Exchange rate 331.

High And Low Cotton Prices

BOMBAY May 11.

I.C.C. May Highest 408-1/2, Lowest 406-3/4. Closing at 6 p.m. 406-3/4.

I.C.C. July Highest 418-1/2, Lowest 416-3/4. Closing at 6 p.m. 417-3/4.

I.C.C. Sept. Highest 432-1/2, Lowest 431. Closing at 6 p.m. 432.

Karachi 4F July Highest 42/8/6 Lowest 42/0/0. Closing at 6 p.m. 42/6/9

NEW YORK COTTON, NOON CALL.

May	22.94
July	22.70
October	22.13

Schoerner Faces Threat Of Immediate Death

German C.-In-C. On Eastern Front Continues Fighting Despite Surrender Terms

LONDON, May 12 (Reuter): While none of the high-ranking Nazis now in Allied hands has been executed or even tried so far, at least one German Field Marshal now faces the threat of almost immediate death, cables Devendar Anand, Reuter's special correspondent.

He is Field Marshal General Ferdinand Schoerner, the last Commander-in-Chief of Germany's East Front armies, who, according to the latest Soviet communique, is still resisting with some of his troops in Czechoslovakia.

By this refusal to fall into line with the rest of the German armies who have laid down their arms, he has, under the terms of surrender, outlawed himself. He and his troops are no longer protected by the rules of war and Red Army authorities are free to deal with this, one Hitler's most trusted Generals, in as summary a fashion as they deem fit.

Schoerner, who began his rapid rise to prominence as General-in-Command in Finland in 1943, became Commander-in-Chief of the entire Baltic front within a year and just over a month ago was created Field Marshal while assuming Supreme Command on the disrupted Eastern Front.

121,660 NAZIS SURRENDER

Already the Red Army have, according to a post-midnight communique today, captured 121,660 of his officers and troops "who gave themselves up in a disorganised manner."

While wholesale surrender of the remaining German groups in the East continues, and Latvia has been completely cleared, the Red Army, having linked with the United States Third Army in Czechoslovakia at several points, are in hot pursuit of the group commanded by Schoerner and his Chief-of-Staff, Colonel General Weller.

LUCKNOW, May 10 (A.P.I.): About 142,000 acres of land in the United Provinces will come under mechanised cultivation, according to the agricultural plan of the Provincial Government for the post-war period.

NEW YORK COTTON.

New York May 11.

May	22.95+01
July	22.72+03
October	22.20+08
December	22.09+09
January	22.06+09
March	21.99+09
May	21.89+07
July	21.71+04
Middling Spot	23.18+02

NEW ORLEANS COTTON

May	22.97+04
July	22.73+05
October	22.20+10
December	22.12+12
March	21.99+09
Middling Spot	22.30+10

INDIAN STOCK EXCHANGE.

BOMBAY, May 12.

Tata Ordinary 389, Tata Defer. 1 2075, Indian Iron 40/1, Steel Corp. of Bengal 33/8, Bombay Dyeing 1855, Central India 372/8, Century 910, Gokak 292/8, Kohinoor 605, Simplex 270, Andhra Valley 1715, Tata Hydro 202/8, Tata Power 1815, Associated Cement 236, Belapur 214/6, Bombay Burma (Old) 555

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New House. 2nd floor,
126, Chakla Street,
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There were 68 entries with 2 mistakes so each of them gets Rs. 14-11 as.

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Fatmabai Nomanbhai,
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Berrow Road,
Apollo Bunder.

Narandas P. Desai,
811, Parekh Mahal,
Churchgate.

A. L. Doodhbhate,
Plot No. 139,
Saraswati Niwas,
Bombay 28.

Indirabai S. Shelar,
Room No. 20,
No. 5, Mint Road,
Near G.P.O.

Baboobhai O. Mody,
C/o Kumar Velding E. M. Co.,
Petit Compound,
Nana Chowk,
Bombay 7.

Y. G. Yeshodha,
2nd floor, Dhankar Niwas,
Bohra Bazar St.,
Fort, Bombay.

K. R. Pai,
G.P.O. Box No. 42,
Bombay.

Rameshchandra S. Mehta,
Badri Chawl, Room No. 91,
1st Khetwady,
Bombay 4.

Noorbhai A. Methiwala,
Play House,
Lokhand Bazar,
Bombay 8.

Kamrudin Hashanali,
C/o J. M. Kachwala,
153, Null-Bazar,

Socgrabai Jaferji,
C/o Jaferji Peerbhoy,
104, Doctor St.,
Vakharwala Chawl, 2nd Floor.

Kantilal Choonilal,
Mulchand Mansion, 3rd Floor,
Room No. 12,
Princess Street,
Bombay 2.

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Haiderali Kasamji Chawl,
Bhoosari Moholla,
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Bombay 3.

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Kalbadevi, Bombay 2.

Rasiklal Shantilal Parikh,
Manu Bhoovan,
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Gulalwady.

S. D. Agashe,
4, Ganga Niwas,
Ranade Road,
Dadar.

R. R. Sharma,
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Dadar.

S. D. Mayekar,
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Kakoobhai,
C/o Ganga-Bhuvan,
Carter Road,
Borivli.

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Kansara Bazar,
Bhuj-Cutch.

CUTCH MANDVI

J. B. Adhikari,
C/o The Indian Globe Insce. Co. Ltd.
Cutch, Mandvi.

DAMOH

Ismail J. Rupani,
Damoh.

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MIRAJ

Miss Sugra M. Bunglawala,
Radhabai Bldg.,
Miraj.

POONA

Raul Dias,
City Church,
Poona.

Correct Solution

Illustrations	Illustrations
A	18
B	16
C	17
D	11
E	3
F	15
G	2
H	8
I	14
J	5
K	7
L	13
M	10
N	1
O	9
P	12
Q	6
R	4

Miss N. H. Gandhi,
Behramji Bldg.,
Sholapur Road,
Poona Camp.

Rustam R. Khatao,
850, Dastur Meher Road,
Poona.

RAJKOT

Harisinhji A. Gohil, (2 Prizes)
Ravi Villas,
Rajkot.

SIDHPUR

A. M. Raje,
Nizampura,
Sidhpur.

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T. Sivasankaram,
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V. A. Gopalchetty,
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Any competitor whose name is not in the above list may ask for a scrutiny on payment of a scrutiny fee of Rs. 5. This fee will, on no account be refunded if there is no entry which entitles the competitor to a share in the prize.

Scrutiny requests must reach our office by 6 p.m. 21st May 1945, after which they will not be considered.

Request for scrutiny must be sent together with the remittance of Rs. 5 by Registered Post. The Competition Manager's scrutiny result will be final.

The management reserves the right to readjust the distribution of the prizes if any entry entitled to a prize is left out by oversight.

Mashriqi Invites Fazlul Haq

To Discuss Constitution Making Effort Of Khaksar Leader

LAHORE, May 11. (A.P.I.): Mr. Fazlul Huq, former Premier of Bengal, arrived here to-day at the invitation of Allama Mashriqi, the Khaksar leader.

He was given a warm reception at the station by a number of Khaksars. Mr. Fazlul Huq's Lahore mission, it is learned, is in connection with the constitution making effort of the Khaksar leader and his lieutenants, for which purpose they have appointed three legal committees.

The first committee, it is claimed, has gone through the correspondence which the Allama has had with the leaders of various parties and organisations in connection with the safeguarding of the rights of minorities.

This committee has also prepared what is described as the charter of fundamental rights and has, it is pointed out evolved a formula to adjust the interests of minority elements to their satisfaction.

The chief plan of the constitution, as a Khaksar spokesman detailed in an informal chat, is stabilising the economics of India on the prices of foodstuffs, especially cereals, and a return to the "old India" methods.

New

FIGURES COMPETITION

Will Appear Next Week

A.-I. Hindu Students' Federation Chief's Denial

Mr. L. B. Bhopatkar, President All-India Hindu Students' Federation in a letter to the Federation workers here denies any knowledge of Mr. Vasant Kale being electe.. as the General Secretary. To his knowledge there is no Working Committee of the All-India Body for the present.

U-BOATS SURRENDER IN LARGE NUMBERS

LONDON, May 12. (Reuter): Although German U-Boats are surrendering to the Allies in large numbers, naval spokesman declared early to-day that the British and United States navies are not overlooking the possibility that some German submarines may be attempting to evade surrender and making their way to Japan. He warned that any U-Boat sighted that does not comply with instructions and commits any hostile action will be destroyed.

Meanwhile U-Boats far and near are flashing surrender signals to Allied aircraft and are being escorted to British bases.

Signals are being received from submarines in mid-Atlantic, North Atlantic and South Atlantic, and reports have even been received of German submarines off the north coast of Chile, adds Reuter's Naval Correspondent.

U-Boats will also surrender to Canadian Naval Units to-day at Shelbourne, Nova Scotia.

Up to the present, escort of surrendered submarines is being carried out by aircraft of the R.A.F. Coastal Command which hitherto co-operated with the Royal Navy in defeating Admiral Karl Doenitz's U-Boat menace.

Submarines now being escorted are around the north of Scotland, west of Ireland, Bay of Biscay and the entrance to the English Channel.

Sunderland and Catalina Flying Boats, light Wellingtons and Liberators circle over surrendered vessels which travel fully surfaced while proceeding to British ports. Allied planes carry depth charges and their guns are ready to ensure that there is no treachery attempted by Germans.

THE long, dark night of total war is at last over in the West, and Victory has crowned the Allied arms. There are glimpses of the dawn: the gloom in the East too will soon be dispelled, and it will be bright morning again.

WHILE sharing in the general rejoicing, we are filled with a pardonable sense of pride for contributing to the war effort and Victory. With our long accumulated resources and specialised experience in mechanized mass production methods, we have been able to *manufacture to exacting specifications, and quickly deliver,* essential war material in a hundred and one varieties – representing over three fourths of the total output of our Metal Products Works, and worth crores of rupees. This includes items like ***Army Vehicles parts*** • **Field Equipment** • ***Anti-Aircraft-Gun Trolleys*** • **Artificers' Tool-Boxes** • ***Wheel-barrows*** • **Kit-Boxes** • *lacs of* ***Hospital Beds*** • **Sand-Channels** for desert warfare • ***Parachute Containers & Bomb-Racks*** • **Stirrup-Pump Stands** • ***Store-Bins*** • *myriads of* **Munitions Components** • ***Hangar parts*** • *millions of* **Picket angles** • ***Steel Windows*** *by thousands* • **Transfusion Stands** • *well over a lac of* ***Telegraph Poles*** – many of which were never made in India before; and we could not have produced them without the help of the various kinds of valuable **Machine-Tools** manufactured by ourselves in wartime and made for the *first* time in India Indeed it has been possible for Godrej to make anything in sheet-metal and hardware to the same standards and as economically as by any manufacturer in the world.

MOREOVER, during these most trying of times, we have striven hard to meet essential **Government & Civilian demands for Security Equipment:** All over the country Godrej Safes, Locks & other security products, Hospital Equipment and Safe-Deposits have given a sense of security, so vitally needed to countless households and institutions, especially when this land was actually threatened with invasion. That Godrej could ensure real security has been testified to after the catastrophic **AMMUNITION EXPLOSIONS in the Bombay Docks on the historic 14th of April, last year. In the fury of an unforeseeable onslaught, worse than the grim horrors of bombing, Godrej Safes stood firm in quite a unique manner, defying the battering falls and devouring flames of fires that lasted a fortnight — simply refusing to give up what they guarded!**

WE have also done our bit in other ways: Godrej **Toilet Soaps** have in wartime fought (along with our forces) at the United Fronts—against dirt and disease, sweat and strain, besides helping to keep a Nation clean and healthy. Even in these most difficult times we are proud to have zealously upheld the renowned Quality of Godrej 'chavi' brand Soaps.

OUR story will not be complete without special mention of Godrej Dynamite **Glycerine,** which has helped the gallant Allies to blast their way to Victory.

BUT there can be no resting on our oars, yet, for the job of liberating the rest of the world remains, and our efforts should continue unabated. And when, after this heralding of the dawn, we have a new era of Peace on all this wide Earth and freedom for *all* men, Godrej will be at your service meeting all peace-time demands for Metal Products, Toilet Soaps, and Glycerine for medicinal and industrial uses.

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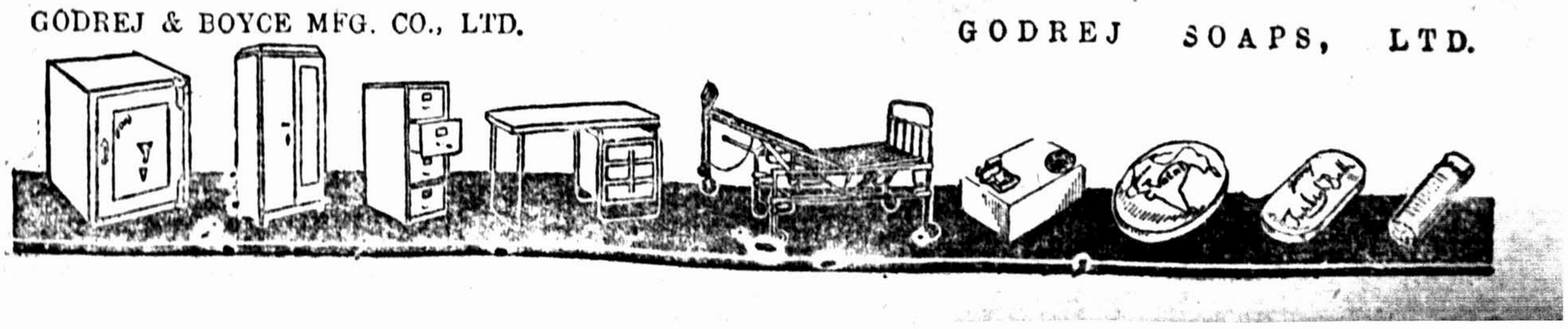

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The Lady Irwin College for Women, Sikandra Road, New Delhi, provides practical courses of studies in Home Science and Needlework as well as a training course for teachers of Home Science. The new session will commence on September 1st. Applications should reach the Directress on or before the 1st August. Minimum qualifications for admission—Matriculation or its equivalent. The prospectus can be had from the Directress on payment of four annas. 3228

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MISCELLANEOUS WANTED

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To-day and To-morrow
4-30 and 9 p.m.

PRITHVI RAJ IN KALIDASA'S

Shakuntala NATAK

Tues. 4-30 (Zenana Show) 9 p. m. Wed., Thurs., 7, and 10-30 p.m.
Royal Opera House
Rates
Rs. 10, 7-8, 5, 2-8, 1-4 As. 10

31 PERSONS KILLED IN LORRY MISHAP

(From Our Correspondent)
ALLAHABAD, May 12.

Thirty one persons killed and five seriously injured when a lorry carrying 36 pilgrims toppled down a precipice into a khud 100 feet below on Rishikesh Deoprayag line, says a message from Lansdown. These pilgrims were going to visit Badrinath temple. They included several well-to-do Bengali ladies who booked in advance several 'lundis' at the rate of Rs. 800 per 'dundee' for carrying them to Badrinath.

ZANANA SHOW Wednesday and Thursday at 1-15 p.m.
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Directed by YUSUF

AINA
15TH WEEK

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IMPERIAL Daily 4, 7, 10
Sat., Sun., Hol. Matinees 1-15
(Plans Open: 10 to 12 and 4-30 to 6)

"SIDELIGHTS ON SHWEDAGON"

The article and photographs on Page 20 of this issue are by Mr. Rameshnath Gautam who spent many years in Burma before the war.

TO-DAY ON RADIO

SUNDAY May 13.
BOMBAY—1.

244 m. (1,231 kc/s)—8-0 a.m. News (H). 8-15 News (E). 8-30 Variety. 8-50 News (M). 9-0 News (G). 9-10 Tomorrow. 9-15 Master Nisar. 9-35 Ravi Shankar (Sitar). 10-0 J. L. Ranade. 11-0 AIR Orchestra. 11-15 Venubai Dewasthali. 11-30 Master Nisar. 11-45 Hori Dhammar.

12-10 p.m. Vali Mohammad. 12-30 Ghazalen 12-45 News (M). 12-50 News (G). 12-55 News (H). 1-0 Sardarbai Karadgekar. 1-30 News (E). 1-40 Music. 2-30 Music from Film. 4-20 Children's Programme (M). 5-0 J. L. Ranade. 5-25 Master Nisar. 5-45 Topical Talk. 5-55 Locals. 6-0 Sardarbai Karadgekar. 6-30 News (E). 6-40 News (H). 6-45 Venubai Dewasthali. 7-0 Sarangi. 7-15 Bhajan. 7-30 Ravi Shankar (Sitar). 8-0 Kannada Songs. 8-15 News (M). 8-30 News (G). 8-45 Playing Something. 9-0 News (H). 9-20 News (E). 9-30 B. B. C. News. 9-45 World We Want (E). 10-0 Candlelight Concert.

Under the auspices of the Gopitalao Arya Samaj there will be public lectures by Kunvar Jorawar Singh and Snatika Rashmi Bahen today (Sunday) at 9-30 a.m. at the Samaj Mandir Hall, Mahim.

THIRD WEEK

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Director DWARKA KHOSLA

Producer MADHAV KALE

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and gave
DIGNITY TO HUMANITY

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SHIRIN-FARHAD
RAGINI, JAYANT, GHULAM MOHD.
A PANCHOLI ARTS Picture: Director: PRALHAD DUTT
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Music: KHEMCHAND PRAKASH
NEXT FRIDAY AT
ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Advance Booking From Tomorrow: 9-30 to 12-30 & 3-0 to 6-30

CITY AND SUBURBS

To-day

Hindu: Vaishakh Shud 2, 2001
Muslim: Jamadil Avval 30, 1364
Parsi: Ader 12, 1314
Sunrise 7-5 a.m. Sunset 8-5 p.m.
Hightide: 1-20, 14-16
Lowtide: 7-31, 20-15

To-day's Engagements

SHRI RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM: Yogiraj Umeshchandraji will speak on Kabir Vani today (Sunday) at 10 a.m. (N.S.T) at 448, Sandhurst Road, Bombay.

MAZDAZNAN PRAYER MEETING: Today (Sunday) at 6.15 p.m. at Alexandra Girls School Hall 31, Waudby Road special Prayer Meeting and speeches.

BOMBAY KANNADA SANGHA: Shri Basava Jayanti Celebration at 6 p.m. today (Sunday) in Ruia College under the Presidentship of Dewan Bahadur R. S. Hiremath, Mr Moktali will speak.

"BOHRA YOUTH LEAGUE": A reception function will be held today (Sunday) at 10-30 a.m. in the League Hall in honour of Mr Salehbhoy Abdul Kadar newly elected chairman of Schools Committee.

CHINOY TO BROADCAST: Sir Rahimtoola Chinoy will broadcast a talk on "Freedom and Democracy" from All-India Radio, Bombay at 9.45 p.m. today (Sunday).

ARYA SAMAJ: Under the auspices of the Fort Arya Samaj there will be public lectures by Pandit Anandpriyajee, and Snatika Yashoda Bahen today (Sunday) at 9-30 a.m. at the Samaj Mandir, Bora Bazar Street, Fort.

GAUDIYA MISSION: Upadesak Pandit Sripad Nitaidas Brahmachari Bhakti Sastry Ragalankar on "How to obtain Peace in the Age of discord", in English today (Sunday) at 6-30 p.m. Culliandas Building, Gowalia Tank Road. "Sankirtanam" will precede and follow.

ARYA PARISHAD: A Special Meeting of the Arya Parishad, Bombay will be held today (Sunday) at 6 p.m. in Gujarati Hindu Seva Mandal Hall, Vithalbhai Patel Road," to consider the consolidation of the Arya Samaj activities in Bombay and Suburbs under the Presidentship of S. L. Goel.

PARSI PRAYER MEETING AT ANJUMAN'S ATASHBEHERAM: Today (Sunday) at 10.30 a.m. at Anjuman's Atashbeheram, Dhobitalao, special thanksgiving Prayer Meeting of Parsis High Priest of Bombay Dastur Minocher Jamaspasana will officiate Jashan ceremony which will be followed by Hambandagi and speeches.

WORK AMONG MUSLIM WORKING CLASSES: Muslim Students' Federation will send its volunteers and workers to the Muslim working class localities on sanitary rounds and for propagating literacy among the workers. Volunteers and workers of the M.S.F. are requested to be present at the Federation Office today (Sunday) at 3-30 p.m. for the same.

PUBLIC MEETING TO CELEBRATE SOVIET VICTORY: Under the joint auspices of the Bombay Progressive Writers' Association and the People's Theatre Association, a public meeting will be held today (Sunday), at 5-30 p.m. at the Deodhar School of Indian Music and Dancing (opposite the Opera House) to celebrate the Soviet Victory. Mr. Krishna Chander, the well known Urdu Story-writer will preside.

Progressive Writers Meeting

Under the joint auspices of the Bombay Progressive Writer's Association and the People's Theatre Association, a public meeting will be held on Sunday, at 5-30 p.m. at the Deodhar School of Indian Music and Dancing (opposite the Opera House).

Mr. Krishna Chander, the famous Urdu Story-Writer has consented to preside.

The Programmes will be:

Poems by Messrs. Narendra Sharma, Jagdeesh Sethi, Sardar Jafri, Kaifi Azami and Swapnasth.

Speech by Mr. Sajjad Zaheer, General Secretary, All-India Progressive Writers' Association.

Songs by members of the Indian People's Theatre Association.

MY FOOT! MY FOOT!!

(Continued From Page 2)

which jutted out like the heel of a ladies' shoe, with 'Mortaucor' at it, reaping the harvest with a scythe!

"I had the chair de poule all over me every time I thought of the predicament of that victim. You should have seen the look of anguish in his face. I couldn't help imagining a similar situation for me in some not distant future. Fancy, right under your heel so that you couldn't even look at it unless you held a mirror before it! And as for going to dances, the very thought of it gave me the creeps. I felt once or twice a vague, undefined prick under my left heel, the same as the victim's, as though something was being injected into it, or a seed sown. No, the thing surely couldn't jump out of that picture and get into my heel. Imagination pure and simple. I left the 'metro', however, with a rather uneasy conscience, the thought of my contracting a corn invading me again and again, and I punching it back.

"I went to a dance that night on purpose, sun-bathed on the bank of the Seine the following day, and ran about barefoot in the park at St. Cloud like a capering satyr. Pooh! I was not going to have a corn under my heel! Who ever thought of it! Look at my flat feet, clinging to the earth like a pair of suction contraptions! I returned to my barracks in a gay mood, having liquidated all thought of growing a hoof 'the right way' as Dr. Habib would have put it.

"But let me try to put on my munition foot-gear the next day! All was not so lovely in the garden. The seed had been sown. A magnifying glass held on it in front of a looking glass revealed it as easy as easy. Inside of a week I was a victim after all.

"All my friends whom I had just started looking up were grieved to notice that lopsided gait of mine, adding. 'It's really admirable, mon vieux'. You were wounded in the defence of Warsaw, and now you join up to defend la France 'eternelle'. Vraiment admirable! 'I was soon marked out as le journaliste qui etait blesse a Varsovie. Ah, le pauvre invalide'. I was invited to fashionable salons and tea-parties pour raconter mes impressions du siege de Varsovie, and received the sympathy of all and sundry for being wounded in my foot. Some of the sensational evening papers published my photograph with a detailed legend on my foot, hinting that I had come to France to avenge my wounded foot on les Boches detestables.

"Paris was still full of vieux combatants and invalids of world war No. 1. But the Parisians did not care to offer them their seats in public vehicles any longer. Let me, however, limp my way into a tram or a 'bus, or queue up anywhere, danging my left foot in the air, everybody hastened to make room for me, and I was simply forcibly put at the head of queues. I would hear their compassionate 'Le pauvre invalide' as I was jostled up to enjoy my privilege.

"Things were much more embarrassing when I was actually commissioned to the front. My reception at the field Hq. was really touching. I had elaborate back-slapping and condolences down from the sergeant-major up to the General himself. Fancy, enlisting with a wounded foot! That a boy! That's the real esprit intransigeant becoming a journalist! The old monocled General was profondement touche that his other eye gleamed with a sparkling tear. He held my hand for full two minutes and assured me that my name would be sent up for une petite decoraton quelconque. The worst of it was that I could not bring himself to break that splendid illusion about myself. In fact I had already started believing in my own heroism, and had grown a kind of dignified shamble with a faint twitch in my face recording intense, undemonstrated suffering every time I dragged my left foot from back to front.

"From being a hero of the siege of Warsaw I was soon promoted to herohood of the Battle of France. While I was in the thick of it people forgot my past and attributed my limping to a sharapnel of a German bomb. I was now known as a wounded journalist of la Bataille de France, and found my name recommended for une petite decoration on another list for the second time.

"The badge of honour never reached me, probably will after the war, as we had to evacuate not long afterwards. But you will be surprised to learn how I got rid of that satyr's hoof in that very Battle of France. It's a sad tale how the French Division I was attached to had to yield ground to the Boche. I'll never forget the day when I saw from the top of a hill hordes of Prussian steelhelmets littering the green pastures of Northern France, digging and snorting like packs of wild boars.

"We were ordered to march back with the general slogan 'each for himself.'" Don't let yourself be taken prisoner'—I was advised. As it was I had to look after myself, my rucksack on my back, one hand carrying my enormous despatch-case and the other carrying my typewriter. I didn't possess a third hand for my solid mulacca which had been serving for a crutch. Not a bright prospect for a long march to some unknown destination. How on earth was I going to walk without my stick? Couldn't possibly hop on one leg for miles with my this—wordly appurtenances. I tried the experiment a few steps. It might pass as a good number in a circus, but to cover a couple of hundred miles in that state was out of the question.

"While I was thus debating and deliberating and trying all sorts of movement I heard a terrific salvo just behind my back it seemed, and a cry of warning—'Watch, the Boche!' I don't know what I did, or rather how I did it. I picked up my goods and chattels and loped for my life, making for a neighbouring wood using, strange to say, both my feet as nimbly as a hare.

"When I reached the wood I found no trace of a corn under my heel The spell was broken."

TOOTH AND CLAW

HERE are a few of the vermin, red in tooth and claw — stoat, magpie, little owl, jay and crow—which, with the rest of their tribe, wreak havoc among poultry and game, and indirectly injure crops by killing the birds and animals which are the farmer's friends. The destruction of these pests is essential to efficient food production. Trapping and poisoning are the most effective methods, but vermin can also be shot. Poisons are obviously products of the chemical industry, but it may be less obvious that the sporting cartridge is the product of chemist as well as engineer and depends on chemicals for its action. Held in a chamber in the head is the cap, containing a minute quantity of a compound of mercury fulminate and other chemicals, so sensitive to shock that it must be mixed in a silk bag electrically agitated from a distance. This cap faces the point of a small brass anvil. Pressure of the trigger brings about a violent chemical reaction. The striker of the gun forces the cap against the anvil and causes a flash which sets off the charge of explosive, based on cotton fibre treated with nitric and sulphuric acids. With terrific force the gas produced drives the wad forward like a piston and propels the shot out of the gun barrel. This is a simple description of a highly complex article whose making involves a dozen or more raw materials, over 150 separate manufacturing operations and the use of not less than 140 steel gauges, accurate to the thousandth of an inch. No article in common use and costing so little is made with more scrupulous care — a fact which may well be borne in mind now that cartridges are in such short supply. Years of research and experience will ensure that British-made cartridges will be the best in the post-war world, as they were in the world which ended in 1939.

ICI

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Pavement Hero

The Gentleman In Black

By MANIKKAM

Pavement Heroes enjoy no rank. They are all heroes of the rank and file. Therefore the Reader should attach no significance to the fact that the Gentleman in Black heads the list of Pavement Heroes. The Gentleman in Black will resent such an attempt more than anyone else. The Reader might also think that the Gentleman in Black is the finer progency of the Man in Black whom Goldsmith set avoyaging in the literary world. The Gentleman is no lineal descendant of the Man in Black. In fact the Gentleman does not blush when he tells you that he is of uncertain parentage. He sees no reason to blush; being an optimist he always looks to the better side of society to have been instrumental in bringing him into the world. No one has yet contradicted him.

He is called the Gentleman because he earns his bread by the sweat of his person. The sweat is very much evident by sight and smell. He invariably dresses well in the fashion of yesterday or tomorrow. He has a partiality for sombre colours. The black and the brown find much favour with him with some blue thrown. He vehemently denies that his colour scheme has anything to do with the dirt-absorbing qualities of the chosen few. Pants, too long or too short, shirts, with or without collars, all become him well. In fact, even partial nudity he is not averse to. He proudly displays his black torso which invariably has a red heart beating underneath.

His language is not very refined; not his manners either. He hates two things most, soap and water. A gentleman according to him is one whose actions or words are not deterred by prying eyes or ears. He will pick up a sodden cigarette bit just with as much poise as we would help ourselves to a Coronna from our friend's cigarette case. He would pay compliments to his friends' begetters in language never heard inside royal Courts. The bright scarf of a belle does not deter him from knotting his dirty handkerchief about his neck.

Life to him is a permanent train journey, with work to do between the stations. His battle cry is a 'psh', and it is not his humility which keeps his eyes on the footware of his customers. The philosophy of his life is 'you must climb from the lowest step and reach the highest'; he acts up to his precepts when he puts his earnings of 'blackings' in his dirty cap. He is too much of a realist to be superstitious; yet, if you should happen to be his first customer he will make obeisance to your shoes. He judges his customers not by their physiognomy, the cut of their clothes or by the magazines they carry, but by the way their shoes shine. They alone to him are 'brilliant' whose shoes reflect his cheerful, cheeky and impudent grin. He does not know the meaning of economics or statistics; but he manages to stretch his earnings to cover his wants; and just by looking at your shoes he will place your income to within two decimal places.

He asks for no quarter, and gives none. The policeman and his tribe are anathema to him; yet he is a decent citizen, more decent than many who have only card earnings to keep them from the pavement he occupies with such elegance and aplomb. He is a hero though he did not see Dunkirk. He is a premiere because, Blood, Sweat, Tears and Toil are his uncomplaining lot, and not just rhetorical terms with him.

I have gone about the world trying to make something shine in the lives of my countrymen; to no avail. To the Gentleman in Black who shines at least the shoes of my countrymen, if not things of greater moment, my *salaams* as from a comrade who has failed where at least he has partly succeeded.

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There were 16 admissions and two deaths of sick destitutes in Calcutta hospitals during the last three days, states a Bengal Government Press Note.

War With Japan May Last A Year

Bombing And Blockade Alone Will Not Bring Victory

LONDON, May 12 (Reuter): The Japanese war may last one year from now in the opinion of Sir Robert Craigie, British Ambassador in Japan 1941, who discusses this question in an article in the "Daily Sketch" to-day.

He arrives at the period of one year after summing up the advantages and disadvantages of the Allied situation but adds: "We must not be unduly disappointed if the war lasts longer. Similarly, were Russia to join us, we must not be unduly surprised if it is over sooner".

Sir Robert thinks that if the Allies were to depend on bombing and blockade alone, several years must elapse before Japan would be brought to the point unconditional surrender.

"This is not merely a military but also a political necessity, for it is the army—and particularly the corps of officers—which has been primarily responsible for Japan's agressive policies.

"The Japanese army must finally be discredited in Japanese eyes.

"Japan still has in being a well-trained and well-equipped army of five million men. The closer the Allies get to Japan proper, the better the quality of troops they are likely to encounter.

I anticipate that once the process of driving back the Japanese in China begins in earnest the Chinese will institute guerilla operations at which they have shown themselves so adept, thus rendering untenable most of the outlying Japanese positions.

But the liberation of Manchuria and Korea would still remain to be undertaken.

The whole military situation would change overnight were the U.S.S.R. to join the Allies.

Russia could concentrate on the Manchurian and Mongolian borders a couple of million men unhampered by shipping bottleneck and having no natural obstacle immediately ahead other than the great Amur river.

The effect of such an intervention coupled with Allied land attacks in great force would be catastrophic for Japan.

While the average Japanese will not surrender to save his own life, he would be far more prone than the average Nazi to surrender to save his country from utter destruction. But he must be convinced that the situation is really desparate. Of this he unlikely to be sure as long as his own army is undefeated in North-Eastern Asia and Japan itself".

SPORTS

WELL-KNOWN HOCKEY PLAYER DEAD

KARACHI, May 12 (A.P.I.): News has been received here from Quetta of the sudden death from heart failure of Alex Dunham, a well-known hockey player. Dunham was stationed in Karachi a few years ago and figured prominently in all hockey tournaments.

CIVILIANS BEAT MILITARY

KARACHI, May 12 (A.P.I.): The Civilians defeated the Military by four goals to one this evening in a Victory Celebration Hockey match.

MUNAVER CUP HOCKEY

KARACHI, May 12 (A.P.I.): In the preliminary round of the Munaver Cup Hockey Tournament, N. W Railway beat the B.O.A.C. by two goals to nil this evening on the St. Patrick's ground.

South Indian Amateur Golf Championship

OOTACAMUND, May 11 (A.P.I.): The Amateur Golf Championship of Southern India was won by J Montgomery for the third year in succession, thus winning the Challenge Cup outright. The English County player, Srgt. Chambers runnerup, is a permanent member of the Castlebromwitch Club, Birmingham. The winning score was 7 and 6.

The Calcutta Challenge Cup played yesterday resulted in win for D R. Morarji against G. H. Joliffe four and two.

A. I. Obaidullah Khan Gold Cup Hockey

BHOPAL, May 11 (A.P.I.): Following are the results of ftoday's matches in the opening round of All India Obaidullah Khan Gold Cup Hockey tournament:

Heroes Club "A" Bhopal 6 goals, Shahehanabad Youngs, Bhopal nil; M.E.I.S. Recreation Club "A" Budni 6 goals, G.E. Eleven "B" Bairagarh 1 goal; Bhopal Tigers 4 goals, Sultania Training Centre Bhopal nil; G. E. Eleven "A" Bairagarh 4 goals, Bhopal Electric Supply "B" 1 goal.

STOP PRESS

JAPS' PEACE OVERTURES BEFORE ROOSEVELT'S DEATH?

LONDON, May 12 (Reuter): Kenneth G. Crawford, the "Sunday Times", Special Correspondent in Washington, says: "It is now known that peace overtures were made by the Japs through Moscow to the United States, and, presumably, to Britain, before President Roosevelt's death. The offer was not unconditional, however. The Japs wanted to retain Manchuko and Formosa as well as the home islands, while offering up their army, navy and air force. The proposition was so unsatisfactory, that it was not even answered."

California Upholds Mrs. Pandit's Right To Speak

SACRAMENTO, (California), May 12 (U.P.A.): The California State Assembly has refused to cancel Governor Warren's invitation to Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit to address that body, despite a motion to that effect by Republican floor leader Sam L. Collins.

Collins moved to cancel the invitation on the grounds that Mrs. Pandit was not an official delegate to the San Francisco Conference. His move was made following Lord Halifax's speech.

Democrat August F. Hawkins asserted that Collins' motion was the result "of some behind-the-scenes manoeuvring of which we don't know."

SOVIET UPSETS U.S. COLONIAL APPLICANT

(Continued from Page 7)

Polish Red Cross to succour its people inside Poland. Americans are saying openly that they are no longer for "lend-lease" to Russia if that country is to use the material supplied for its own selfish ends. These criticisms have got to be refuted and nullified and this must be done soon.

U. S.-Soviet accord is the cornerstone to the whole structure of international peace but there cannot be any accord in the present atmosphere of mistrust and suspicion. I repeat as I have done previously that the American delegation to U N C I O is inadequate. Secretary Mr. Stettinius has not measured up to Commissar Molotov and Mr. Eden and that is bad not only for the United States, but for all United Nations. The Polish (American) Congress has petitioned the United Nations' Conference to the effect that Soviet troops be withdrawn immediately from Polish soil in conformance with the Moscow declaration of October 30, 1943 which promised (that after the termination of hostilities the four Big Powers will not employ their military, forces within the territories of other staes, that the 16 Democratic Polish leaders arrested by the Russians in violatio of a safe conduct pledge be liberated immediately, that the Yalta Agreement be denounced and the Polish Government in London be asked immediately to send their delegation to the World Security Conference). There is not much chance that this petition will have any effect but, it shows which way the wind is blowing and it is an ill wind that will do no good to anybody.

SERIES OF SOVIET SURPRISE AMENDMENTS

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12 (Reuter): The Russian Delegation today submitted a surprise series of amendments to the United States Colonial trusteeship proposals which, in effect would give Russia power to veto certain American plans for strategic control in the Pacific cables Paul Scott Rankine, Reuter's Special Correspondent.

The Russian amendments gave a completely new turn to the discussions of Mandates which had hitherto centred around Anglo-American differences.

One Russsian amendment gives any permanent member of the International Security Council power to prevent any Mandated territory taken over from Japan from being designated as 'strategic area" under the United States plan.

This means any of the Great Powers could subject to inspection by the International Trusteeship Council an area which another Great Power might regard as "strategic" and might have fortified as such with the latest secret military equipment.

The accompanying Russian amendment demands that not only the present mandatory powers but non-Mandatory Powers who are permanent members of the International Security Council such as Russia and China, should be members of the Inspecting Trusteeship Council.

The United States had proposed that there should be "designated in the trusteeship arrangement a strategic area."

BRITISH OPPOSITION

This was opposed by the British because they felt territories taken from the enemy should either be annexed outright or included in the Mandated system with all the responsibilities to the native population which this entailed.

By their amendment, that the actual designation of such areas should be "on the recommendation of the Security Council", the Russians today subjected designation to the control of the Security Council and to the veto power which goes with the recommendations of the Council.

At the same time, the Russian amendments also strengthen the control exercised by the International Organisation of the area which the Security Council does not designate as "strategic."

The Russians propose that the Trusteeship Council should not only have the power to institute investigations but also "to control fulfilment of instructions and recommendations given by them by sending their representatives and inspectors to the trust territories."

Well informed observers here predicted that, should there be strong opposition by the United States Navy Department to the Russian amendments, the debate on them might take a considerable time and delay the agreed draft by the Great Powers of the Trusteeship Charter of the United Nations Charter.

"Viceroy Returning To India Thoroughly Disappointed"

Auchinleck And Alexander Mentioned As Possible Successors, If Wavell Decides To Resign

LONDON, May 12 (U.P.I.): Although no official date has been fixed, it is learned that Lord Wavell is shortly leaving for India.

As regards the net outcome of his protracted talks in Whitehall, technically speaking, no one can definitely say that he has failed. Mr. Amery on the eve of Lord Wavell's arrival in London held a press conference and told the world that the Viceroy was coming to London more for military and less for political discussions. There is little chance of his meeting with a failure in the field of military talks. "Purely from that point he may even claim complete success and agreement with His Majesty's Government" writes the 'United Press of India' political correspondent.

Well-informed circles, however, suggest that Lord Wavell is not the type of politician who would stoop to equivocate although he might not speak out his mind. It is generally believed that the Viceroy is returning to India, thoroughly disappointed regarding his political discussion.

He is said to have told Mr. Amery and Mr. Churchill that the "Indian political situation can no longer be left in cold storage."

Reports of his resignation should be discounted although Sir Claude Auchinleck and Field-Marshal Alexander were last night mentioned as Lord Wavell's possible successors in case he decided to resign or "retire from the Indian scene."

EVATT SPEAKS OUT

All Colonies Must Be Under United Nations Trusteeship

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12 (U. P. A.): Dr. Herbert Evatt, Australian Foreign Minister, proposed to-day that all dependent peoples of the world, including the Colonies, should be administered on a trusteeship basis.

Dr. Evatt proposed that, in addition to mandates, other territories now under sovereign powers would be placed under United Nations' trusteeship.

Dr. Evatt mentioned specifically the peoples of South Eastern Asia and Indonesia, saying: "I see no reason why the progress of these peoples should be the matter of international concern to a lesser extent than the progress and welfare of peoples from territories taken from our enemies."

JINABHAI P. JOSHI DEAD

BOMBAY, Saturday.

The "Bombay Chronicle" regrets to announce the death of Mr. Jinabhai P. Joshi a veteran Congressman of the city, Mr. Joshi died at the New Nursing Home, Lamington Road this morning of congestive cardiac failure.

Mr. Joshi joined the Congress in 1920 and remained one of its most loyal members till his death. He was elected Vice-President of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee prior to the last session of the A.I.C.C., in appreciation of his services to the cause.

Arrested immediately after the A.I.C.C. session in 1942, Mr. Joshi suffered a long term of detention at the Yerawda prison till his unconditional release in February 1944 on grounds of health.

"SILENT SOLDIER".

Mr. Joshi was known to his colleagues in the B.P.C.C. as a silent soldier of the Congress. His active participation in the mass struggle commenced in 1930 when he assumed the Presidentship of one of the War Councils. He courted imprisonment on four different occasions—in 1930, in '32, '41 and '42.

Mr. Joshi entered the Bombay Legislative Assembly on the Congress ticket at the last elections. Apart from his work as a Legislator, he devoted his attention to charitable institutions like the Hindu Deena Seva Sangh.

The funeral procession which started from the Jinnah Hall in the afternoon was attended by a large number of Congressmen and other friends and admirers of Mr. Joshi.

TRAPPING OF JAP FORCE

New Allied Move

LONDON, May 12 (Reuter): In a new move to trap the principal Japanese force in southern Philippines, strong United States elements have landed on the north coast of the island of Mindanao, cables Abdul Khalek Quereshi, Reuter's special correspondent.

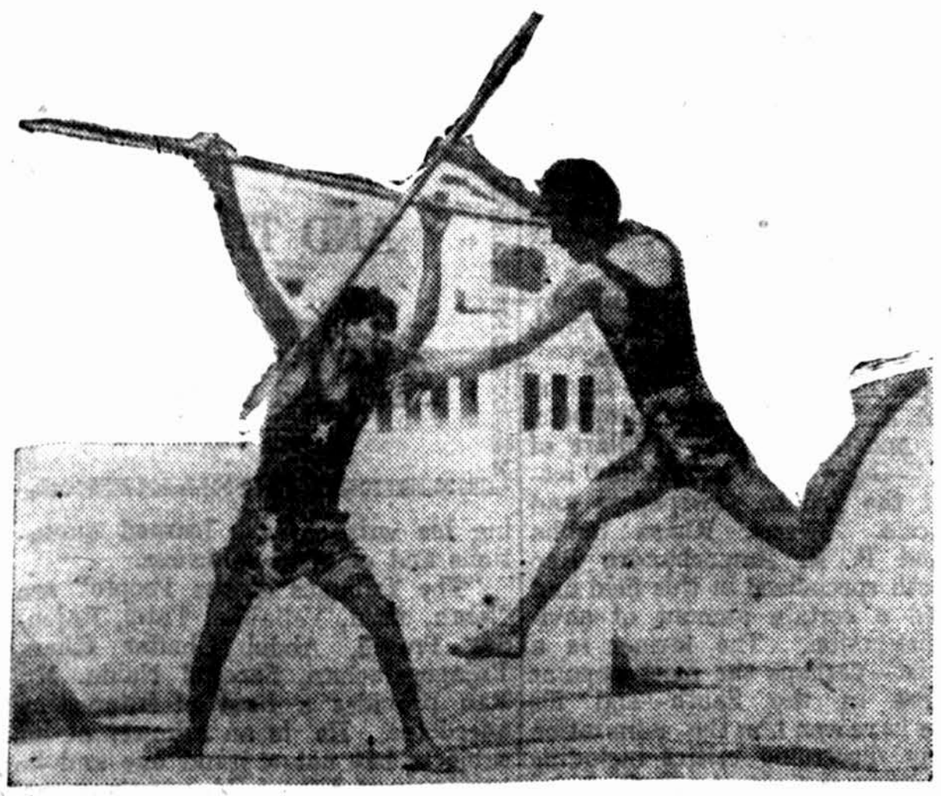
The landing was in the rear of the Japanese, who were caught out of position, said an announcement from General MacArthur. The Americans quickly consolidated their beach positions and drove four miles inland.

On Tarakan island off Borneo, Australian troops are fighting on the southern edge of Djoeata oilfield. Infantry are closing up to Ipo dam from the south, while a big guerilla force approaches the dam from the north.

Nearer Japan's homeland the American Tenth Army mounted a strong attack in Okinawa and are now half a mile along the southern front of the island. The Japanese repeatedly counter-attacked and staged heavy air assaults but failed to stop the Allied advance.

Using tanks and marines, Americans seized the village of Takeshi near the west coast.

A great force of Super Fortresses based on India and Marianas each carrying ten-tons of mines have mined Japanese waters from Singapore and the Japanese front door-step in the largest single air mine-laying operations in history. The mine fields stretch for more than 3,500 miles. Complete paralysis of all seaborne commerce between main Japanese islands is already well advanced as a result of these operations, which have been under way during the past six weeks.



Agile and supple limbs are needed for such a combat with spears.

'Kalari Payat'—The Fighting Art Of Kerala

By K. A. CHERIAN

Kerala, the narrow strip of beautiful land between the Ghats and the Sea, is interesting from various points. Its people, its customs and manners, its institutions, its architecture and tradition are all happily interesting. Both the district and the people are clearly marked off from the rest of India and have features of their own.

Kerala has a distinct culture. Her military traditions are particularly interesting. The fighting art and the military warfare of ancient Kerala have practically nothing in common with that of other lands. Traces of the martial spirit of the people survive in the Kalaris an institution, where children are taught and adults are trained to fight. *Kalari Payat*, which is taught in Kalaris is a system of physical culture, exercises and military warfare. Every child in ancient Kerala used to be initiated into this system of military training at a comparatively early age of five. In olden days every village in Kerala had one or more Kalaris of its own. Each Kalari would be under the charge of a "Gurukal" or teacher who must necessarily be an expert fighter, a good disciplinarian and an excellent physical culturist. Kalari is never accommodated in a building. The size of the training school varies generally it is 40 ft. by 20 ft. In an important corner of the hall would be the beautiful decorated 'Bothara', the seat of Goddess Kalari Bagavati (the presiding Diety of the Kalari). No teacher or student takes up arms in the Kalari without bowing first to the goddess.

COURSE OF TRAINING

Here young men from all parts of the village would gather together early in the morning fo drill. Before undergoing the course the body of the pupil is to be made flexible. The youths, who undergo the training are first smeared all over the body with oil and ghee mixed with other substances and are laid prostrate on the ground.

Then the training master, holding firm in his hand a rope, gently rubs the student's body with his feet until every available inch of it feels an easy sliding touch. The process is continued for one or two hours and after having been subjected to it for some days the body becomes quite elastic and free. Every year the student is subjected to this form of exercise

Then he undergoes a course in discipline and instruction in combats and manoeuvring, which becomes complete for practical purposes. There are many stages in this course of training. First of all the pupil has to undergo training in 'Meyyarakham' a form of exercise devoted primarily to the development of the body. It gives exercise to many parts of the body, which are rarely benefitted by other exercises. On completion of this course he gets complete control over his body. After 'Meyyarakkam,

the performer takes to fighting with 'Muchan' or short stick 24 inches in length. Ability to fight with Muchan entitles him step by step to fight with other kinds of weapons such as '*Kettu-Kayari*' (long lathi like sticks) Mace Spear, Dagger, Sword and double-edged flexible sword. The student is taught to fight offensive and defensive warfare and the ability, quickness and keen observation contribute much to the success. As a matter of fact this system teaches him how to move his limbs and body in the shortest possible time and to keep the eyes on the alert. After the training, the student armed with Shield and Sword would be able to meet in single combat a number of people together so trained or untrained.

VALUE IN MODERN TIMES

With passage of time, *Kalari Payat* has partly decayed. At the present day such an institution in the regular systematic way in which it was in existence before is unknown. But in certain places training is even now resorted to and availed of during important National Festivals.

As a military science *Kalari Payat* has got its own value even in these days of Modern Warfare. Of course it is no answer to the machine gun and the raging bomb. But on the field in a hand-to-hand fight Kalari System of fighting certainly reigns supreme. *Kalari Payat* has not been exhibited to the world in its proper form. The moment it is shown to the world, it will win universal admiration and appreciation.

Exciting sword-play.

(POSED BY MEMBERS OF THE KERALA KALARI SANGHAM.)

SOVIET DEMOCRACY AND WOMEN

By Professor EKATERINA FLE ISHITZ
(Doctor of Jurisprudence)

MOSCOW, (By Cable).

Democracy means government by the people, and the extent to which a state is democratic is, therefore, determined by the extent to which people take part in its administration. In a truly democratic society the people are sovereign, people determine their own way of life and establish their laws. A real popular government requires that all people should enjoy equal political rights. Otherwise the section enjoying all rights is in a position to impose its will on the distranchised and those who are restricted in their rights.

No true democracy is, therefore, possible where women are kept out of administration of the state, where they are deprived of elementary civil rights. Women represent about half of the population and any restriction of their right to take part in the political life of the country is violating the principles of democracy.

Even in advanced countries women, owing to age old prejudices and social, political and economic causes, were confined to the home, to the role of wife and mother. The upbringing of the young generation, future exponents of democratic rights and liberties, was almost entirely entrusted to the mother while at the same time it was denied that she as woman was capable of understanding those rights and liberties and she herself was denied opportunity to take part in exercise of those rights and liberties. When the law said that "all have to pay taxes", "all" referred to both men and women. When the criminal law stated that everyone must answer for crimes committed "everyone" included women too. But when law provided for "universal" suffrage this "universal" excluded women!

The iron law of the development of economic life in modern countries has long ago shattered the idyllic notion about the self-contained home protected from storms of life. Machines of industry have drawn woman into the stream of people operating them. Nor could women be kept out of intellectual activity. In the long run it became obvious that a large proportion of millions of people creating the material and cultural wealth of nations were women.

Democratic nations accorded women right to vote. But even this did not mean complete equality, since women's part in civil service and administration of justice still remained infinitesimal.

However, the heroic part women in all democratic countries have taken in the present war effort will undoubtedly stimulate the extension of their civil rights.

In the Soviet Union the principle of complete political and economic equality of women was translated into law from the very beginning. Since the first day of the October Socialist Revolution women have enjoyed without exception all rights of man.

The Stalin Constitution has reaffirmed the principle of full equality of women in all spheres of political and social life. Stalin stated that the "point is not only that women comprise half of the population." The point is that "a number of remarkable and capable women have come to the fore."

The socialist system has been set up "for the sake of real personal freedom and it provides the sole, firm guarantee of interests of the individual." And, as far as this system is concerned the individual is everyone irrespective not only of nationality, colour or religion but of sex. The most democratic political and social system accords also the widest rights to women—all rights which this system accords to every individual.

And the Soviet woman, while exercising her rights, has been performing also her duties both in peacetime and in hard war years. Equality of rights has made her man's equal in activity and skill as a worker and as fighter for the might and happiness of her truly democratic country

This means not only quantitative growth in socially useful activity. It implies qualitative addition, an essentially new contribution to cultural and creative efforts of nations. By invading new spheres of activity women have, of course, lost none of their natural tendencies and characteristics as mother and upbringer of children.

Soviet mothers bring up their children in the spirit of most consistent and broad democracy. It is only natural for Soviet women to be most sincere and convinced champions of this democracy.

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PHILOSOPHY OF NON-VIOLENCE

NON-VIOLENCE IN PEACE AND WAR, by M. K. Gandhi. Second Edition, 1944 Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. Pp. xii plus 589. Price, Rs. 7.

This is a collection of the more important writings of Gandhiji bearing on the subject of Non-violence. arranged chronologically beginning with the year 1920 and ending with the memorable 9th of August 1942, the day on which he was arrested. The late Mr. Mahadev Desai's preface to the first edition of this work published in 1942, as well as a number of appendices, including a new one which is a contribution by Dr. K. N. Katju entitled "Creed vs. Policy of Non-violence," are attached to the work. It goes without saying that this volume forms a most valuable work of reference for any one desirous of making a systematic study of the evolution of the Gandhian philosophy of Non-violence in all its bearings Mr. Mahadeo Desai's own preface, which is entitled, "Non-violence in Evolution" will be found to be of no mean help in the understanding of this Gospel both in theory and in action.

Hindus Contribution To Persian Literature

ADABIYAT MEN HINDUON KA HISSA. Compiled by Dr. Saiyed Abdullah, Anjuman-e-Taraqqi-e-Urdu. Delhi. Rs. 3.

The book under review deals with the part played by the Hindus in the development of the Persian language in India during the reigns of the various Muslim dynasties. The history of the Persian literature in India in all its aspects is yet to be written but whenever it comes to be written the present volume is bound to be of great help to the person who takes up that work in his hands.

The learned author also deals with the various books written by the Hindu scholars and reviews them critically in order to show their true merit. The author is perfectly right when he avers that the Hindus not only learnt the language from the Muslims but in several cases surpassed them, for there are books written by the Hindus which are to this day looked upon as an authority by the Muslim scholars themselves. The author also shows how far the literature produced by the Hindus was affected by Islamic teachings which must be considered to be the foundation-stone of Indo-Islamic culture.

Z.A.B.

POETIC TRIBUTES TO GANDHIJI

GANDHI ABHINANDAN GRANTH Edited by Sohanlal Dwivedi, with a Foreword by Sir Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan. Published by Gandhi Abhirandan Granth Karyalaya, Lucknow. Price, Rs. 10.

This collection of poetic tributes in English and in the different languages of India to Mahatma Gandhi on his 75th birthday, is a highly welcome addition to Gandhian literature and one more memorial to the life-work of this greatest son of India. Among the writers whose contributions are included in the volume are Rabindranath Tagore, Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, Pandita Kshama Row, Pandit Vidhusekhar Bhattacharya, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Yone Noguchi, Mary Siegrist, Jeanette Tompkins, B.C. Woodbury, Humayun Kabir, Vallathol, and a host of others, Indians as well as non-Indians. The Devanagari script has been adopted throughout in the transliteration of the poems in the Indian languages and even of the two Chinese contributions included in the work. The volume is neatly printed on handmade paper and is bound in khaddar. A few coloured and other pictures of the Mahatma are included. The volume will be highly prized by all admirers of the great Indian Leader.

PEN-PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT & NEAR-GREAT!

SIDELIGHTS, by "SAKA" (Khasa Subha Rau), Language Publications, 12 Thambu Chetti Street, Madras, Price: Rs. 2/-.

TRIBUNES OF THE PEOPLE, by P. R. Ramachandra Rao, New Book Co., Bombay. Price: Rs. 3-14.

Pen-portraits of the great—in the style of A. G. Gardiner's "Prophets, Priests And Kings" and "Pillars of Society"—have been a familiar feature of the Indian newspapers and periodicals. Messrs. Khasa Subha Rau and P. R. Ramachandra Rao have both specialized in this field and achieved a certain amount of enviable distinction. The former is a columnist—perhaps the most popular columnist in the South—and his writings have won him the admiration of many discerning critics including such eminent individuals as C. Rajagopalachariar who contributes an appreciative foreword to the volume under review. The basic parts of Mr. Ramachandra Rao's book appeared in the weekly BLITZ and have since been recast and amplified.

A comparison between Rau and Rao is interesting. While "Sidelights" are literary vignettes— brief, pithy, critical or appreciative rather than factual—, the seven pieces in "Tribunes of The People" are more like short biographies—combining facts with analysis and appraisal. Mr. Ramachandra Rao is undoubtedly influenced by John Gunther's "Inside" style ("You have the remarkable paradox that is Jawaharlal Nehru", "This sleek, smart, charming, well-bred gentleman", "This stolid Middle Temple barrister, with a tough and bald skull and heavy-lidded eyes... is made for wars and stratagems," "Look at C. R. telescopically, study the spring of his political impulses"), SAKA has a style of his own, more in line with the English essayists, spicing his writing with learned quotations and classical allusions.

"The Tribunes of the People" are Nehru, Azad, Vallabhai Patel, Rajendra Prasad, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, Rajagopalachari, Sarojini Naidu. Mr. Rao provides a fund of interesting anecdotes. He is an admirer of his subjects but not a blind one and he has an eye for the foibles of the great. Altogether he gives us an entertaining album of literary portraits.

"Sidelights" has a more provincial appeal inasmuch as (with the exception of the chapters on Gandhiji, Mr. Jinnah and Mr. Savarkar), the other are studies of South Indian public figures. Mr. Khasa Subha Rau has a literary flourish and a nice turn of phrase. His style has dignity, too. He can express his admiration without gushing flattery and his criticism has no sting of malice. Besides the 27 pen-portraits the volume also contains a number of other essays, some of the best being on various aspects of journalism. Here, too, he gives evidence of a nicely balanced style but one wonders whether the essayist's purely *literary* and somewhat leisurely preoccupation with abstractions like "Culture" "Oratory", "Love And Jealousy", "Good Writing" etc. is not a luxury in this dynamic age when harsher realities thunder at our door and demand attention.—K.A.A.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

Brother Ganesh Prasad (16 years), of Katmandu, Nepal, writing on "My Aim," says:—

I am a student of class X. The Matriculation Examination is only a few weeks off. So I am working very hard. I hope I shall not get plucked.

I propose to join the local college after passing the Matriculation Examination. I shall study for science. I like to join a Medical College after passing the I. Sc. Examination. I have an intense desire to become a Doctor.

I like a doctor's profession for three reasons. First, I am interested in taking case of the sick and the wounded. From my early boyhood, it has been my habit to nurse the patients. I feel very happy when I sit by the side of a sick person. I have often picked up wounded birds and nursed them. Hence, I hope I shall turn out to be a successful Doctor.

Secondly, a Doctor's profession is lucrative. A successful Doctor earns a lot of money within a short time. Dr. Banerjee of this town has amassed a vast fortune within ten years. Nowadays, if a man has a desire to become rich, he must be a lawyer, a businessman, a film star, or a doctor. I do not think I shall succeed in the other spheres mentioned. So I propose to try my luck as a Doctor.

Thirdly, a doctor is in a position to serve humanity. There are many poor persons in a locality. When they fall ill, they do not get proper treatment. I like to serve these unfortunate persons. I shall examine them free of charge. I shall supply them with medicines also free as far as possible. In this way I shall try to alleviate human suffering to some extent. "Serve humanity"—these noble words always ring in my ears. I want to act upto them. A Doctor is in a better position to do this than any other person.

This is, in short, my simple plan for the future. I do not know whether God will fulfil my aim. Anyway, I shall try my utmost to realise my ambition. We cannot achieve anything, if we do not try. I remember the poet's advice:

"Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?"

Note: It is a good idea to plan your career ahead. Dada will be glad to hear from his other sisters and brothers also about their "aims." Write as short essays as possible, and send them soon.

A friend, who calls himself "A Lover of Life," feels from his practical experience that it is an unchanging law of life to "get what we give," and writes:—

If we give our best we get the best out of life.

If we become selfish, selfcentred; life will torment us.

If we see good in others, they will forgive our faults.

If we find fault with others, they will find out our faults.

We can never be happy unless we make others happy.

Our present life is the result of our own thoughts and actions.

We can change our Destiny by changing our outlook towards life

We can get the greatest joy from the hardest job.

* * *

We regret to announce the sad death of Sister V. V. Hema, an Associate of the New Delhi Balkan-ji-Bari, at a young age, and offer our condolences to her sister Prema, who also is an Associate of the Balkan-ji-Bari, and all her relatives.

PALS HAPPY IN THE MOTHER'S LAP

Matunga Balkan-ji-Bari arranged a show of Health Films. Sandhurst boys and girls organised a two days trip to Malad. Delhi Balkan-ji-Bari is trying to develop in its members a sense of having hobbies and is thinking of starting a Handicrafts class.

* * *

The May issue of "PUSHPA—The Children's Own Paper" will be ready shortly. As a limited number of copies of the journal is printed, those who are not its permanent subscribers are advised to reserve their copies early by sending 4 annas Stamps to the Manager, "PUSHPA," 31 Tribhovan Road, Bombay 4.

All boys and girls, under sixteen years, can join Balkan-ji-Bari—The All-India Children's Association. Please write for full particulars and enrolment forms, mentioning your full name and address and age, and enclosing nine pies Stamps for postage from Dada—"Gulistan," Khar-Bombay 21.

All Good Wishes from
your loving,
Dada

"Gulistan"
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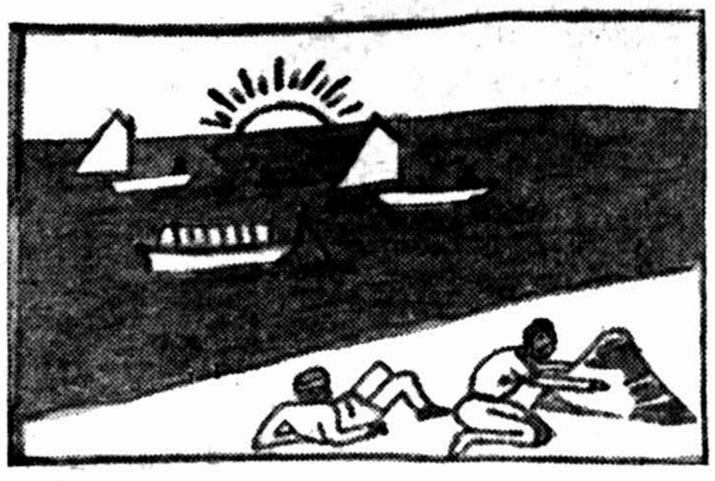

"ON THE SEA-SHORE"

"IN THE VILLAGE-FARM"

(Sketches by Brother R. V. Subramanian—14 years)

On Beards!

By K. RAMA RAO

Two miracles have occurred. Mr. Shanker Rao Deo is minus beard, Acharya Kripalani is plus beard. It is not the cancellation that the plus and the minus mean to us, but it is the conspiracy of exchange that strikes our attention. After months of incarceration they evidently decided to dazzle the attention of the world. Probably, being old friends, they wanted to give each other a parting present. The mischievous suggestion must have come from Kripalani that something must be done about it, for he is the Puck of our politics. Since a beard is not transferable property Deo could not have transferred his to his friend who must have therefore decided to grow his own provided the other obligingly took on a clean chin.

I am only guessing but it is not uncommon among congressmen returning from jail to present their friends with plentiful hirsute-growths on their face. There are reasons for it. Shaving in jail is a rather difficult proposition. It is not always easy to get a professional barber among the hard-labour convicts. And so some men are hurriedly and indifferently trained for the work, just like soldiers for the wartime army in India. They are badly equipped with country-madt razors. The result of the combination is that the razor works like a scalpel on the human body. With the hair also fall a few chips of skin and several drops of blood. Unable to bear the torture some prisoners prefer to grow beards.

It would be as strange for the people of Maharashtra to see Deo without a beard, as it would be for the people of Sind to see Kripalani with one. For, it would amount to the disappearance of a landmark in the case of one and the appearance of a landmark in the case of the other. We cannot guess their future plans. It is possible that Deo will revert to type, but Kripalani may prefer to maintain the status quo. He will, however, go well in his surroundings. To the Sindhi Hindu or Muslim, the beard comes naturally. He has also an artistic sense which is not to be found elsewhere in India. Not satisfied with making it lovely by astute training he paints it with copper coloured powder and looks after it with the care of a very attentive parent. Kripalani, however, runs a risk with the new adventure. He is not only a first rate intellectual but on occasion can be a savage satirist. He might one day provoke an enemy in controversy and swift revenge might follow on the most vulnerable target he is now offering.

Beards have had a conspicuous place in Indian politics. In our younger days whenever we saw a distinguished individual from outside with a beard we were sure that he was from Bengal, either a preacher of the Brahmo Samaj or a political orator. It has been so from W.C. Bonnerjee, the first president of the Congress, to Moulana Azad the last president It is the background of the floried and fiery eloquence of Bengal which has radiated splendour in the domain of Indian politics. One could almost mark the punctuation of the roaring period of Surendra Nath Banerjee by the way he handled his beard as he spoke.

Among the political leaders of today the old tradition is still maintained by some. In the Congress the foremost is Babu Purushottam Das Tandon. He has a beard that is at once militant and kindly. Dr. B. S. Moonje is another, representing a different type of politics. He is the pillar of the Hindu Mahasabha. It is strange that the top leaders of the Muslim League prefer to be clean-shaven—Jinnah, Liaquat Ali Khan, Yamin Khan, to mention only three. Moulana Mohammad Ali was firmly convinced that a Muslim without a beard was as bad as a Kaffar. That is why perhaps he did not think of Jinnah for a high place in Muslim politics. Moulana Azad, nature's nobleman as he is, adorns his classic appearance with theology's essential need.

The beard is cosmopolitan. It does not know the barriers of religion, country, race or profession. None of us has received an authentic picture of any of the known prophets of religions but we have made up our minds, artist and laymen alike, to think of them as bearded individuals. You cannot put on boards a play with Vashishta, Vishwamitra and Vyasa without long wigs and beards on them. They must look wise respectable, hoary holy; they must look learned, humane, prophetic.

The beard is universal, whether you look at the map from East to west or north to south. Hebrew and Hindu, Muslim and Christian, alike wear it. Artists and scientists and literary men and poets by no means dislike it. There was Darwin in England and P. C. Ray in India. Tagore and Tennyson alike had it. In any crowd of men you can spot George Bernard Shaw not only because of his great height, but also because of that defiant beard which is full of epigrams and paradoxes. I was present in at a social function in Bombay when he refused to autograph a sketch of him drawn by a local artist because it contained not the famous militant beard but the mild and laborious bush of Charles Darwin.

Tagore's beard seemed to have been made of silver borrowed from moonlight. An Italian wit once told him that he saw more poetry in his beard than in his books. As everyone knows Tagore's toilet used to take well nigh an hour every morning. Do you remember that famous story from America? He was on a visit. Lecturing in a hall he saw millionaires before him who had paid fancy prices to hear him but he chose to discourse on the evils of Mammon-worship. As the powerful indictment proceeded, there was a wave of emotional excitement. One young woman was beside herself wept and swooned. In him she beheld the prophet with his righteous wrath and torrid eloquence, the picture of Christ at Jerusalem inveighing against the philistines and the Pharisees

The pomp of regalia is incomplete without the beard. It is part of the tradition of the patriarchate, which mankind has inherited from the early days. Tsar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm and King George the Fifth had it in various degrees, but between them they could not prevent the last war inspite of that uniformity. It has also a metaphorical use in politics. When Drake and Hawkins made piracy a religion as important as Protestanism and laid the foundations of British maritime supremacy, they were proud of "singing the beard of the King of Spain." And that small fire ended with the conflagration of the Spanish Armada Sir Stafford Northcote was an ineffective leader of the Conservative Party whom Randolph Churchill and the Fourth Party heartily disliked. He had a beard like a goat's, and they duly gave him the nickname of "the Goat"

The advent of the self-shaving razor is putting a premium on the old Roman habit of a chin as smooth as an egg-shell. The tendency is towards extinction of all hair. At one time it was all beards. Will it be no beards at all? The danger is obvious. Things are moving fast. Future Shakespeares may have no beards to crack the lowest jokes or write the highest poetry about. Woman is coming into her own, and she will demand a say in the matter. She will not be impressed by the wisdom and philosophy of long hair in the wrong place when she is herself bobbing and shingling. Some women will refuse to see anything but insanitation in it. They will agree with the Greek poet who said: "A beard createslice, not brains." Shakespeare who alternated his wayward loyalties between the 'sable silver' of Hamlet's father, "the beards of Hercules and frowning Mars," and Bottom's "Your straw coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grey-beard, or your French-crown-colour beard," makes one of his characters in *Much Ado About Nothing*, say:—

"Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face;
I hadrather lie in the woollen."

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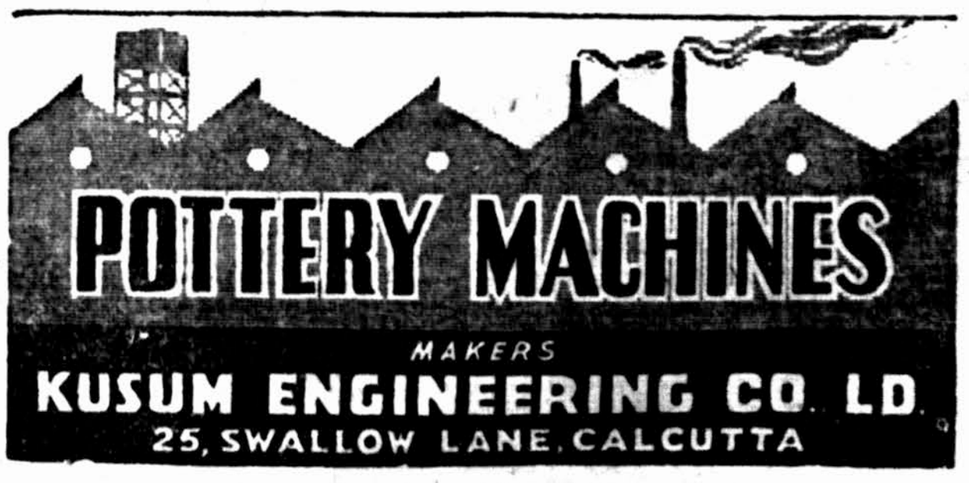

POTTERY MACHINES

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The LAST PAGE

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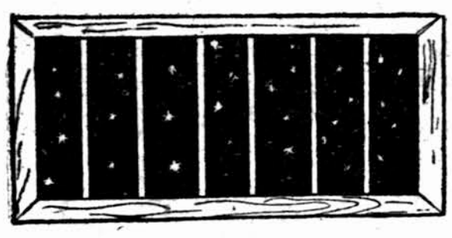
CHRONICLER

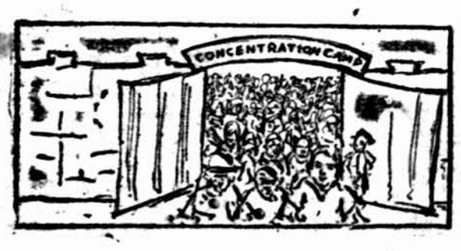
The lonely prisoner looked out through the narrow grill that served as a window in his dark solitary cell. The sky was studded with stars. How very far they seemed—those luminous little



worlds! They said there was life on these stars and these planets and he wondered if there too they had prisons and detention camps and solitary cells and gallows.

In the deep, all-pervading silence of the night, suddenly he heard voices. He could not say whether it was the radio in the jailor's bungalow going full blast or a crowd of people shouting something, or both, or neither but something else altogether. But his ears, trained by months of enforced solitude to catch the faintest whisper, vibrated like a well-strung instrument at the impact of one little word: FREEDOM.

Freedom! Someone was saying something about freedom. Someone else was saying something about VICTORY-and PEACE! Then he understood. The war in Europe was over. Peace had returned to earth after 5 years of the bloodiest war in history. And, though he was not a religious person at all, he muttered "Thank God." For he had all along hated Fascism and Nazism and felt one with their victims—Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, China, Austria. Czechoslovakia, Poland-one by one the lights of liberty had gone out all over the world. And, far away in India, he had felt the gloom deepening in his own dwelling-for the world was his home and everyman his brother! Thank God that the tyrants had been dethroned and their arrogance trampled into dust! Thank God the torturers and the sadists and the oppressors were caught at last and brought before the jury of the world conscience for the punishment that was their due! Thank God the gates



of the concentration camps were being flung open..... Or were they?

The smile froze on the lips into a mockery of joy. The light went out of the eyes. A hand, reaching out towards the stars, hit the iron grille

★

"Common people of the world today celebrated peace," cabled Reuter, giving details of the celebrations in over a dozen capitals of the world.

IN LONDON people danced in the streets around bonfires, drinks were sold out in "pubs", sailors climbed to tops of lamp—posts in Piccadilly. the whole city was floodlit.

IN NEW YORK "ticker tape and bits of torn telephone books, fluttering down from skyscrapers, proclaimed that the city was celebrating... a million strong packed the streets..."

IN PARIS "crowds cheered wildly outside the big newspaper offices" as the capitulation news came.

IN ROME church bells rang merrily and "British and American troops started to make whoopee."

IN BOMBAY-Did anything happen?

*

Reports on India's V-Day:

Said MORNING STANDARD "But the fact remains that INDIA IS NOT CELEBRATING.... India remains sober."

Said Bombay Man of EVENING NEWS: "Bori Bunder with its floodlit railway station struck a bright note, welcome after the years of gloomy darkness. Could have been more festal, I thought: so could all Bombay...."

Said F. P. J: "Bombay received the news of German surrender with no excitement... The average citizens was not in a mood to permit himself to any exuberant expression of joy."

★

The young Programme Assistant of the All-India Radio had been kept awake on three consecutive nights preparing the Victory Day programmes. And then the great moment had come. He felt a delicious thrill doing this work-for was he not making history by announcing to the world at large, and to his own country in particular, the glad tidings of Victory, of Peace, of Freedom. He and his colleagues had done a good job of it. They had broadcast the news in prose and in poetry, with and without music; they had announced it, elaborated it, analysed it, broadcast comments on it; they had reported in detail the celebrations in other lands; they had paid tributes to the Soldiers, the Sailors, the Air men, the men at the machines, the war leaders, diplomats, statesmen; they had sung of Allied victory and of the defeat of Nazism. They had quoted formidable facts and awe-inspiring figures; they had recalled historic phrases-"blood, toil, sweat and tears." And, to add spice to the programme, they had interrupted the programme every few minutes to put on the air the bars of some stirring melody. The song that had been played most was "The Land of Hope and Glory" and, indeed, as he returned home after three sleepless nights the young Programme Assistant heard its echoes in the steady clop-clop-clop of the Victoria.

Trying not to fall asleep, he enquired of the Victoria-driver, "Did you hear the programme?"

"Programme? What programme, sahib?" asked the driver.

"Why, the Victory Programme, of course! Didn't you hear the news on the radio."

"No, Sahib, I didn't. But what has happened?"

"Why, don't you know the war is over."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

And then the gharry-wala smacked the drowsy horse with his whip and burst into "*Merey liye jehan men chan hai na qarar hai.*"

★

"How are the brave Allied officers and soldiers going to celebrate V-E Day"? I asked a friend who is an officer in one of the Defence Forces.

"We are getting a bottle of brandy

and half a bottle of gin each," he replied, and added, "For the Indian Soldiers, of course, there will be a festival meal-*pulao, puri, halwa*-instead."

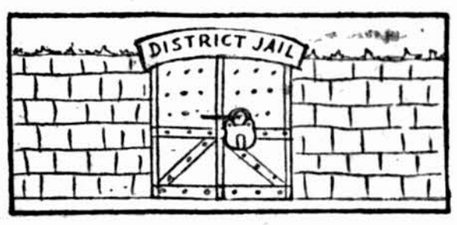
★

ON V-E DAY IN INDIA—

The people of Bihar were worried about the health of their beloved leader, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, still languishing in jail

The Government published the report of the Bengal Famine Inquiry Commission admitting the loss of 1,500,000 lives due to governmental bungling.

Notices extending their period of detention by six months were served by the Government on Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel and Shankerrao Deo,



members of the Congress Working Committee.

Ten thousand semi-naked people from villages marched to the Sub-Divisional Magistrate's office in Meherpur (Nadia) to protest against cloth scarcity.

★

"Somewhere in India" a unit of Indian Soldiers stood to attention before a radio-set. Over the air came the voice of the British premier. Quietly they listened to it, though they understood not a word, till the peroration: "Advance Britannia. Long live the cause of freedom. God Save the King."

"Translate!" commanded the C.O. and an Indian commissioned officer began to translate the Churchillian phrases into Hindustani. As he came to "Long Live the cause of freedom" his voice choked. He just muttered something to the effect that, "Churchill Sahib" wished them well. Then, after dismissing his men, he went to the mess and got drunk on a bottle of brandy and half a bottle of gin.

★

V-E DAY in Bombay was Drinking Day.

The amount of brandy, whisky, gin, vermouth, champagne, sherry and cocktails imbibed in a single evening

would have been enough to launch a battleship.

The soldiers, armed with their bottles of brandy and half bottles of gin, were trying to forget the horrors of war with the traditional formula of "wine, women and song."

But what were the others-the shark-skin-and-gold-border-sari-brigade-trying to forget? Were the contractors trying to forget the millions they made out of war contracts? Were the Black Market operators, the speculators, the profiteers, trying to forget that they made the bloodiest war in history the occasion to make their pills of gold? Were the 'Society' dames trying to forget the minor thrills of war-time peccadillos? Were the film stars celebrating those alleged 'war propaganda' films they helped to make to win the war? Were the horse-owners, the jockeys, the bookies, the punters drinking to forget the millions they had lost and won and lost again at Mahaluxmi? Were the Burra Sahibs and Mem Sahibs-and the Brown Burra Sahibs and Mem Sahibs-drinking to celebrate the end of a war they fought in air-conditioned offices and luxurious bondoirs?

The disorderly revels of the soldiery might be banal but can be understood and forgiven at a moment like this. For they have looked in the eyes of danger and to them the end of war means all the difference between life and death. But how shall we excuse the nauseating spectacle of bloated money-bags wining and dining and dancing to celebrate a victory won by the sweat and blood of others?

★

Even after four sleepless nights the young A. I. R. Programme Assistant did not sleep well. Every time he dozed off into uneasy slumber, a nightmarish voice would start singing the British patriotic song:

Land of hope and glory,
Mother of the free,

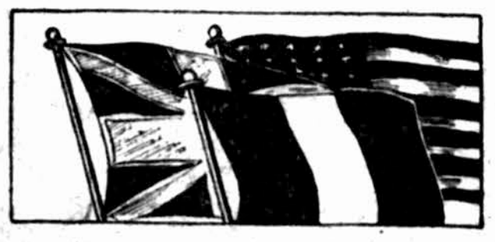
How shall we extol thee,
We who are born of thee?

Once he got up in a rage, went to the window and shouted: "Shut up! Let a fellow sleep." But the mocking echo answered, "How shall we extol thee, we who are born of thee." Then he recognized the voice; it was his own!

★

V-E DAY was Flag Day. There were flags on Government offices, flags on the Town Hall, flags on churches, flags on banks, flags on prisons, flags even dangling from brothel-windows.

British flags. British flags! British flags!! American flags. French



flags. Dutch flags. Belgian flags. Czech flags. Polish flags. Here and there-as if by mistake-even the Red Flag of the Soviet Union.

There was only one flag however NOT to be seen-the INDIAN flag!

★

TRUE V-DAY STORY: In front of Bombay Central station a big black limousine with an over-size Union Jack, in all its red-and-blue glory, fluttering from its bonnet, swung out of the gates. As it negotiated the sharp turn, a by-stander spat on it with an exclamation of contempt. The passers-by-including a police-man-burst out laughing in approbation of the eloquent gesture.

★

On the eve of V-E Day at least one man dared to speak the truth.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Labourite Member of Parliament, asserted in a speech that the newspapers which are trying to pin the guilt for German atrocity camp horrors on the German poeple are the same papers which from 1933 to 1939, were conspiring to arm and finance the Naziz.

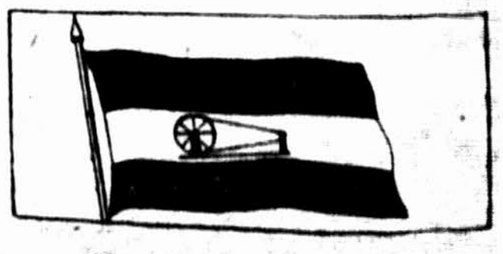
Claiming that most of the men and women who suffered in the German camps were German citizens, Bevan said that the tortures inflicted on them provided complete evidence that there existed in Germany hundreds of thousands of good, heroic Germans.

"If you want to know the history of concentration camps, you don't start in Germany but in India", Bevan declared.

★

The stars had begun to melt into the darkened sky of the hour before dawn. Yet the prisoner still stood looking out of the barred window lost in fathomless thought It was dark all round but a little flame burned within him lighting the recesses of his soul. And, as he thought of the war and how it had been ought and won a peculiar sense of calm satisfaction possessed him. True the war had meant untold violence and misery for the millions. True the cause of freedom and justice had not triumphed everywhere yet. True he and many like him were still in prisons. But in the gloom of war there had been bright spots too-the heroism of the common people of Russia and China, of France, of Poland, even of Britain and America, the new sense of universal solidarity, the new ideals of freedom and brotherhood to which even imperialists and exploiters were forced to pay at least lip-service. The yeast of humanity was in ferment. The PEOPLE were on the march. Two major tyrannies were overthrown, others could not survive for long. The gates of hundreds of concentration camps had been flung open, the others could not be kept barred and locked for ever.

The eastern horizon was streaked with silver. Soon it would be dawn. The night of tyranny was slowly, inevitably, drawing to a close



THIS IS HOW PEACE CAME!

LIBERATED AT LAST: Allied soldiers in a prisoner-of-war hospital in Happenheim, Germany, greeting their liberators—the Seventh U. S. Army.

FOR 30,000 IT WAS TOO LATE: Russian prisoners rush out of the gates of the Nazi concentration camp to greet the Ninth U. S. Army. But 30,000 lay buried in heaps of 500 within the camp.

THIS IS THE ENEMY: A liberated Russian prisoner points out a Nazi guard who tortured prisoners at a concentration camp.

THEIR DAY OF DELIVERANCE: Czech towns people welcoming a mounted soldier of the Red Army which liberated them from the Nazi yoke.

THEN CAME PEACE: Delegates to the San Francisco Conference read the headlines they had been waiting for: "WAR IS OVER in EUROPE" (Radiophoto)

IN NEW YORK: A shouting jubilant crowd in Times Square, waving American flags, celebrate Germany's unconditional surrender (Radiophoto)

Photos: U.S.O.W.I.

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SIDELIGHTS ON SHWEDAGON

Rangoon's Most Famous Pagoda Was Founded By Indians

Burma is now being econquered. And of course, as happened last time, with the help of Indian armies. The difference is that they fight the *Japs* this time, not the Burmese.

After the fall of Rangoon last time, the army was naturally quartered on the best vantage points, namely the s opes of the Shwedagon Pagoda and the hills which surround it. That area formed the cantonment and remained so right up to the middle of the last decade when a magnificent new cantonment was built on the outskirts of the city, at Mingaladon, eight miles away.

As you go up the hundred and odd steps which lead to the southern base of that mighty stupa world-famous as the Shwedagon Pagoda, you pass between rows of flower sellers on both sides of you. You reach the great pagoda platform and face a wonderful shrine. On its left and to your right you notice a tiger made of wood staring at you with a benevolent pair of half amused eyes. And thereby hangs a tale.

The legend *a la* the Burmese is that in the times gone by there lived in the forests surrounding the Pagoda a pious tiger. Every night he used to go up the hill and worship the *Tathagat*. He was the epitome of ahmisa and he very nearly converted all the beasts of the jungle to the ways of the Dhamma, the Sanghas and the Buddha.

One day this wondrous tiger was seen by some soldiers, and they shot him dead as he worshipped at the shrine. But so great was the beast's piety that after death he turned into a *nat* with the sole mission of guarding the Shwedagon. The people put up his wooden image right beside the main shrine so that he could for ever keep an eye on its approaches.

The matter-of-fact version is that one day a tiger strayed up the hill on to the pagoda platform, and was fortunately noticed by some soldiers before he could do any harm. Being chased he climbed up the fretted pagoda base as far as he could go, and was shot there. And that's that.

The mighty mountain of gold (-which is the literal meaning of Shwedagon-) stands very near the fairy lake known as the Royal Lake. It is a lovely beauty spot of Rangoon, a veritable paradise on earth. It is believed that in order to make bricks for building the Pagoda, earth was dug out of a suitable spot near the hill, and the cavities so made were filled up by the rains and the underground currents, thus forming the Royal Lake. This was, of course, ages ago.

The pagoda perched atop a 300 feet high hill and rising in its own rights to a further 400 golden feet of majestic grandeur, is a sight for gods to see, as viewed from the Royal Lake. Surrounded by a setting of luscious green, its tall golden spire glistens and flashes in the sun, with its jewel studded *hti* (-umbrella-) stretching out to the blue heavens.

At night the pagoda is illuminated with flood lights. Seen from the Lake it provides an unbelieveably lovely view. The surrounding sea of darkness with Burma's wonderful starspangled skies overhead form an eminently suitable background for this vision of delight, and the whole effect is almost ethereal.

The Pagoda then looks like a Golden Swan of the Lake Manas stretching out its proud neck to pick with its bejewelled beak the pearly stars from the heavens aloft for its royal repast. It is a popular belief that the royal swans which dwell on the lake Manas in the Himalayas dine on pearls, and pearls alone.

Main entrance to the Shwedagon Pagoda

The mighty Mahaganda bell, set up on a special platform

The foundations of this as of most of the famous pagodas of Burma were laid by Indian residents who had established colonies in several parts of the country more than a thousand years ago, and made the land their home.

The wooden tiger that is supposed to be the guardian-angel of the pagoda.

"FLYING CHARABANCS"

Plan For Holiday Air Cruises

Ministerial backing was given in the House of Lords on recently to a plan for holiday air cruises in "Flying Charabancs" at third class rail fares, made possible by the design of such aircraft as the Bristol freighter.

With a full load of 40 passengers and flying in short hops of not more than 100 miles, at 120 to 150 miles an hour, these airborne coaches, it is estimated, would make a profit at 3½d. per mile.

"It is a 'line' we ought to be getting on to as soon as the war is over", said Lord Swinton, Minister for Civil Aviation. It would, he said, give holiday tourists much more time to do their sight-seeing.

The idea that the Bristol freighter be adapted as "Flying Charabancs" was first put forward when members of the British Railways Air Committee visited one of the Bristol companies' factories and saw the "mock-up" of a freighter which should be coming off the production lines early next year.

The pagoda reflected in the tranquil waters of the lake.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

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